

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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WHICH?—A TIMELY QUESTION.

DRAWN BY MATT. MORGAN.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1888.

SUGAR DUTIES AND SUGAR TRUSTS.

A HIGHLY instructive debate took place, one day last week, in the House of Representatives, upon these interesting topics. Mr. McComas, of Maryland, made the charge that the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee had changed the classification of certain grades of sugar in the interest of a monopoly, after granting a hearing to Mr. Havemeyer, of New York, the head of the largest Sugar Trust in the United States. Mr. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, admitted that he had invited Mr. Havemeyer informally before the Committee, and Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, acknowledged that he had conversed with the head and also with the attorney of the great Sugar Trust, but denied that workingmen and others were refused hearings before the Ways and Means Committee, when such hearings were asked for. Mr. Reed, of Maine, thought it strange that if business reasons did exist for the numerous modifications in the tariff schedule made by the Democratic branch of the Ways and Means Committee, those reasons were never made known.

But the voting which followed this discussion was, politically, still more significant. Mr. Dingley, Mr. Kelley, Mr. Bayne, and other leading Republicans, favored and voted for an amendment reducing the total *ad valorem* duty on sugar from 82 per cent.—the Mills Bill rate—to 41 per cent., a reduction of just one-half. This wise and proper amendment was defeated by a vote of 105 to 86, the Republicans voting for and the Democrats against it. As sugar is the most universal in its use of all the common necessities of life, this Democratic repudiation of their own platform proves not only their inconsistency, but their incapacity to deal with the question of revenue reform. Here was presented a clear issue, where the tax on the food of the poor could be cut down one-half and the surplus revenue diminished at the same time, and yet a strict party vote is recorded against both these commendable propositions. As the Republicans voted for the identical reduction of the duty on sugar which we favored in these columns four weeks ago, their sound policy meets, of course, our hearty approval. This blundering of the Democrats calls to mind their horizontal efforts at tariff reform, which ended in disaster. Their refusal to join the Republicans in lowering the tax on sugar will cost the Democrats thousands of votes. High duties on sugar are opposed by thirty-seven States and are favored by one.

Mr. Weber, of New York, who offered an amendment that no drawback shall be allowed on sugar exported from the United States, argued that this provision had been stricken out from the original Mills Bill, also, in the interests of the Sugar Trusts. As the allowance of refunds of duty, or drawback on sugar, opens the door for frauds, to the extent of millions each year, Mr. Weber was right in his amendment, and the Democrats in voting it down, as usual, were wrong. On two flimsy "Custom-house oaths," thousands of dollars are taken each month from the revenue in the shape of drawbacks on goods that never paid a dollar of duty to the United States.

In keeping with the shrewd course of the Republicans in the House, Senator Sherman, their ablest leader in the Senate, has wisely introduced and had adopted an anti-Trust resolution directing the Committee on Finance to report measures

"To set aside, control, restrain, or prohibit all arrangements, contracts, agreements, trusts, or combinations that tend to prevent free and full competition in the production, manufacture or sale of articles of domestic growth or production, or of the sale of imported articles, or that are designated or tend to foster monopoly or to advance artificially the cost to the consumer of necessary articles of human life, with such penalties and forfeitures as will tend to preserve freedom of trade and production, the lowering of prices by such competition, and the full benefit designated by and hitherto conferred by the policy of the Government to protect and encourage American industries by levying duties on imported goods."

This is anticipating and meeting in advance a line of attack which the opposite party will be sure to press. By taking this bold and aggressive stand against Trusts and monopolies in their worst forms, the Republican party will not only pursue the most politic course, but the right course. They will be sustained by an overwhelming public sentiment in legislating at once against all Trusts of whatever character.

THE CHILDREN OF ISHMAEL.

THE children of Ishmael are still with us. They are not the roving Indians or reckless cowboys of the Western plains, nor the desperate "moonshiners" of the Tennessee mountains. They live near us in New York, or wherever our homes may be. Their garments touch ours in the public places. Strangest of all, we may be responsible in one sense for the Ishmaelish madness in their blood; and yet, if we recognized that responsibility, we would complacently count it to ourselves for righteousness. For we consider almsgiving a cardinal virtue, while we are too short-sighted to estimate the effect of much

indiscriminate almsgiving in encouraging moral flabbiness and mental and physical inertia, in increasing pauperism and crime, in multiplying the number of the children of Ishmael throughout our land.

This is one of the most suggestive topics treated at the National Conference of Charities and Correction just held in Buffalo, and elsewhere considered at some length. The speaker, Rev. Oscar C. McCulloch, of Indianapolis, illustrated his study in social degradation by a chart showing the social condition of thirty families through five generations. This meant some illustration of the life-history of 1,692 individuals. Their history had been followed for fifty years. There had been several murderers in the group, and thieves without number. The majority lived by begging or petty thieving. The children died young. Licentiousness characterized all the men and women. From this came mental and physical weakness, general incapacity to work, and, in certain cases, hopeless idiocy. This study of hereditary morbid tendencies is most interesting, but it presents nothing absolutely new. Maudsley, of England, and Charcot, of Paris, have naturally included the subject in their study of mental pathology. In fact, in the present century—and especially since Galton developed the study of heredity into a science—hereditary influences of all kinds have received the most careful consideration, not only by medical students of pathological states of the mind and body, but also by novelists. We need recall but one instance, the Rougan-Macquart series of Zola, in which that uncompromising realist has essayed to do precisely what Mr. McCulloch did upon the chart—that is, trace the development and effects of morbid tendencies from generation to generation.

But Mr. McCulloch himself has used this study of heredity merely as an illustration of his striking declaration that the tendencies to mental weakness and general incapacity which he describes are met and encouraged by the benevolent public with unlimited public and private aid, which is practically an incentive to an idle and vicious life. He charged that our elaborate systems of public charities are in a large degree responsible for the perpetuation of this idle and vicious stock, and what public relief failed to accomplish private benevolence supplemented. "The so-called charitable people who give to begging men and women and children have a large sin to answer for." The remedy indicated by the speaker was to close up official outdoor relief, check private indiscriminate charity, and get hold of the children. The last is an admirable suggestion. There is no practical way of restricting private almsgiving, save by educating people to the idea that unwise alms foster pauperism and the bringing of more paupers into the world. It would be impossible to do away with the great public charities of New York even if it were desirable. But the tendency of charitable work can be modified, and turned towards prevention rather than cure. Children who are early taught a spirit of independence and self-reliance will not become paupers. If public charities encourage this spirit and rigidly insist that nothing can be had without working for it, if work is possible, their evils will be reduced to a minimum.

HARRISON'S GROWING POPULARITY.

NO one can read the organs of the two great political parties without being convinced that the accessions to the Republican party are thus far more numerous than to the Democratic. The Republican national ticket, as is so often said, is a growing ticket, and the second impressions concerning it are even more favorable than the first. General Harrison's bearing has been admirable ever since his nomination. Calmness, dignity and repose of manner have marked his intercourse with those about him. All his addresses thus far delivered have been characterized by good judgment and good taste. His little speech to the party of Michigan visitors who called on him was excellent in sentiment and language, reminding one of some of General Garfield's happiest efforts. General Harrison, while at the Bar, as in the Church and in public life, has shown himself to be a liberal-minded, well-poised, broad man. He is symmetrically developed and level-headed. He never refuses to accept new views when they prove to be true views. As far back as February of this year, in a letter to the Rev. J. B. Brandt, of St. Louis, he wrote:

"I did vote with the great body of the Republicans in the Senate against the Chinese Restriction Bill, as it was called. It seemed to me then to be in violation of our treaty with China, and it was a little hard for me to let go of the old idea that this was the free home of all comers. I think there has been a very general change of sentiment on that subject since. We do not need to ask anybody to come to this country now, as we formerly did, and I think we have a right to preserve our own institutions by exercising a fair election as to who shall come here. I do not like that class of immigration that comes in gangs, that can be driven into pens and on shipboard, and hired, not by personal contract, but by bosses; and the Chinese immigration is very much of this sort."

This shows the breadth of a man, who, though out of public life, wishes to keep abreast of his times. His record on the Chinese question needs no other explanation or interpretation than this. His attitude in the United States Senate on the admission of new States was that of a statesman. On all constitutional, financial and suffrage questions upon which he expressed himself his opinions were enlightened and sound. This could hardly be otherwise when we consider the precepts, teachings and examples of his illustrious ancestry. Benjamin

Harrison, of the Revolution, was not only a signer of the Declaration of Independence, for three terms Governor of the then foremost State in the Union, but was the personal friend of the immortal Washington. Gen. William Henry Harrison received his first commission from Washington at the age of nineteen; was commended by General Anthony Wayne for repeated acts of valor; gained his great victories over the Indians in 1811 and 1813, while Governor of Indiana; was a member of both Houses of Congress and negotiated more good treaties with the Indians than any American who has ever lived. His election as President of the United States in 1840 was so triumphant, that Van Buren received only sixty electoral votes. He made Daniel Webster his Secretary of State, John J. Crittenden his Attorney-general, and Thomas Ewing his Secretary of the Interior. No purer public man or loftier patriot every breathed than William Henry Harrison. As men suffer discredit from the bad deeds and ill-repute of their ancestors, it seems but just that the good deeds and noble lives of their fathers should reflect upon them some honor and credit. Other things being equal, no man has ever lost anything, socially or otherwise, by belonging to a family that for a century filled an honorable place in affairs.

CONFERENCES OF CHARITY.

NEARLY nineteen Christian centuries had rolled away before it occurred to good people, the very watchword of whose belief is love, that they could better help their fellows by meeting in council and learning of one another the best methods of charity, which is love, and of correction, which also is, or should be, but love in another form. The fifteenth annual national conference of people interested in both the topics has lately been in session at Buffalo, and although this conference has no legislative or other powers, its influence will doubtless be very considerable. Many of those participating in the meeting are officials in State institutions; many of them have a wide reputation as thinkers and speakers and writers. Some of them, as clergymen and Church dignitaries, have direct access to the ears and the consciences of legislators; and when four hundred earnest, intelligent, practical and experienced philanthropists thus come together and give and receive stimulus, it cannot but be that the impetus shall be felt through every circle of society, from the highest to the lowest, not least of all in the circle where sit the law-makers of the land.

The conference has brought out, and proved to be proven and beyond further argument, many points which are still considered moot points by the greater number of the people's representatives. It is, for instance, no longer a question that technological training in reformatories, homes for the friendless, and all other public institutions for the young, is a necessity both as prevention and as cure. It is no longer a subject of debate that convicts must work; that the labor of such in no appreciable degree affects the labor market; that not only the convict's health, his morals, his very sanity, imperatively demand that he should work, but that the taxpayer, the laboring man who by straining every nerve has managed to own his little home, has a right to demand it also, in his own interest. It was a happy day for those two most unfortunate of all classes of human beings, the insane and the feeble-minded or idiotic, when good people began to study in concert their condition. It has been demonstrated that those afflicted with insanity require no restraint but that of love and wisdom; that barred windows are as much a relic of barbarism as the maniac's crib and straitjacket; that the healing influences of work render even extra attendance unnecessary, and that a generous diet and social intercourse are better sedatives than drugs. Three-fifths of the feeble-minded and idiotic class, it is believed, can be made capable of earning a livelihood in a friendly world. Since the world, alas! is not friendly, safeguards and protection for this class must constantly be provided.

On the all-important subject of immigration the conference gave no uncertain sound. Divided as its councils were on the general question, the Eastern men mainly all holding that the country needs more labor, and the Western men almost without qualification wishing that immigration might be entirely forbidden, every one agreed that the restrictive regulations needed a thorough revision and more perfect enforcing, and that the naturalization laws should be radically amended.

The chief function of such a conference as this being education, it is encouraging to see that there are two classes of people even now in process of education—the legislators and the school-children. Inquiries into the cause and cure of drunkenness by such a body as this are doing what temperance reformers by themselves could scarcely succeed in doing—producing such a state of opinion as has resulted in the recent law in Massachusetts, where habitual drunkards are committed to insane hospitals, and the Ohio Bill, which will surely become a law, of cumulative sentences for repetitions of the same offense. Quite as important a class to educate is the children. In Buffalo, the home of charity organization, the Secretary of the Associated Charities has given lectures in the High School on the subject. At one of the sectional meetings of the conference he read a paper prepared by a High-school boy of seventeen, which gave evidence of deep interest, careful reading, and much thought and earnestness. One of the High-school graduates took the same theme for her Commencement oration, and the interest in the subject is very general among the older public-school children.

Such influences as these will long be felt. When children are educated, not to give and cheap giving, but to thoughtful study of social questions from a philanthropic standpoint, there is a new hope in the future of our country.

THE NATIONALIST HOME-RULE PLAN.

THERE have been many schemes proposed within a few years for the federation of the British Empire, but no one of them looks so well as the plan sketched by Mr. Parnell as the work of himself and Mr. Gladstone. It is at once eminently logical, the natural development of the Home-rule idea, and as little destructive as may be. A local parliament in each is to administer the local affairs of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, and a congress of members from the four is to constitute the Imperial Parliament for all national concerns. The House of Lords would disappear; and the conviction of most political thinkers in England is that, whatever may be the fate of the schemes for Imperial federation, the House of Lords is already doomed.

Supposing the Nationalist plan to be carried and put into working order, it is plain that it must be extended before long to

the colonies, if these are to be retained as part of the Empire. It is not to be believed that they can be long retained, in any case, as they are at present constituted. With the growth of a self-governing and self-sufficing population, such as the Australian or the Canadian, there must come before a great while an impatience of even the shadowy control of Great Britain and a claim to an independent place among the nations. The Parnell-Gladstone scheme will postpone the assertion of this claim and give to the mother country and to the colonies time to consider and to adjust the changes in their relation to each other.

It need alarm no one that there are difficulties in the way of making the plan practicable. Statesmen are expected to deal with difficulties, and these are never so formidable, when resolutely faced, as they seem to be to the faint of heart. The greatest obstacle in the way is the blind attachment of so many Englishmen to the English Constitution, which they know for the most part only by name, and revere as the African fears his fetish. Englishmen, they devoutly believe, are free; but that English-speaking men in Scotland or Ireland or Australia should act on the same belief seems like a revolt against the law of gravitation. Nevertheless, even these superstitious men may be borne down by the intelligent Britons when these have had time to ponder the large and statesmanlike measure proposed by the two great leaders.

OUR NEIGHBORS ON THE PLANET MARS.

FOR philosophers and for romancers as well, the question of the day is not concerning the Presidency, or Bismarck's plans, or Home Rule in Ireland, but whether we have a very superior class of neighbors on the planet Mars. The question is not a new one, to be sure, for astronomers long since pointed out that Mars has a probably breathable atmosphere, and that the conditions necessary to sustain life are approached more closely there than on any other planet. The romancers, taking up the hint thus furnished, have spun ingenious tales regarding a noble race of inhabitants. And now new discoveries have reopened the discussion. A year ago an Italian astronomer published the results of observations extending over many years, made when Mars in its orbit came nearest to our earth. These observations have recently been confirmed, in the opinion of a French astronomer, by investigations undertaken by himself. At short intervals, it appears, enormous changes take place on the surface of Mars, and these changes are of a character to suggest the work of intelligent beings. There are indications of what seems to be canal construction of a magnitude surpassing anything dreamed of by any inland Congressional advocate of millions for "internal improvements." It really seems possible that there may be a country where the River and Harbor Bill contains a larger appropriation than ours. These canals are constructed "not as they might be by blind natural forces, but in straight parallel lines, such as would be followed by an engineer who took the shortest route." Moreover the people of Mars, it is inferred, must have an uncommon mental development and a knowledge of means vastly superior even to our exalted selves. Judging from the magnitude of their works, such a task as the construction of the Panama Canal would occupy them only a single day; a statement which must inspire poignant envy in the Panama Canal stockholders. Astronomers infer that the Martians must carry on their operations under conditions in most respects similar to ours; hence, it is concluded that they must have discovered and utilized natural laws of which we know nothing, and be as far in advance of us in scientific attainments as we are in advance of the cave-dwellers. It is suggested that if we could open communication we might acquire information which at least would revolutionize our industrial system. Here is an inducement to organize an Earth and Mars Balloon Line, which, after all, would not be much wilder than some actual projects. Or Jules Verne's plan of a giant cannon and a projectile containing men might be tried, and some of the fools who have been tampering with Niagara and still live might be disposed of by being sent flying through space.

THE PUDDING TENDENCY.

A VERY able and usually sound advocate of equal rights for men and women complains of the great tendency in our magazines towards puddings and pies, and bread and salads, and dress and general decorations. "Why," said she, "I neither wish to spend my time making puddings, nor reading recipes for puddings. I open a periodical, hoping to find something good for my soul, something concerning the topics in which all true men and women should be interested, and I am told how to scramble eggs, or make a bird's-nest pudding, or how to choose meat at the butcher's, and how to make a pot pie, or an apple pie, or something equally ridiculous and unnecessary."

This was a very good-natured growl, and made with a smiling face; but it was a criticism all the same, and one that a sense of duty, no doubt, inspired. Now, the question is, are we drifting puddingward, and if we are, is it or is it not the proper direction?

The charge that magazines, and those particularly in the interest of women, devote too much space to the domestic side of life, is a charge of some gravity, if it is a true one.

A pudding? Something soft and insipid and unnecessary, according to our critic. She does not care for puddings. Her time can be better spent than in making puddings or reading about puddings. Ergo, other women should not care for puddings, and are not justified in spending precious time in their concoction. There is higher and nobler work to do, in the opinion of this earnest, self-sacrificing apostle of freedom. But let us see. Upon what we take into our stomachs depends our health and usefulness, and in even so small a matter as the manufacture of a pudding there is much to be said. Does not the writer who substitutes a simple and digestible pudding for a rich and indigestible one do something for her kind? Is it not worth doing? Is not the writer who gives the anxious and often sorely troubled housekeeper minute directions in regard to purchasing meat a benefactor? Must not such knowledge naturally widen a woman's sphere, giving her more time, money and health to spend upon other important things? One could scarcely overestimate, for instance, the good accomplished by Professor Atwater's articles in the *Century* on these and kindred subjects. It is doubtful if the same amount of space devoted to the ablest dissertation on woman's right to the ballot would have accomplished half so much for the cause. A woman always counting her change, compelled through ignorance to pay the highest prices for family supplies, and without the knowledge that will enable her to take some sort of care of the stomachs of her family, be she ever so desirous of reform, can have but very little influence on the great questions of the day. But the woman who has looked into hygiene, and understands physiology, and knows how to buy and to cook, has time, energy and trained perceptions at her command. All those who depend upon her ministrations cannot fail to be better men and women.

"Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends us cooks," says Garriek. "The better the cook—that is, the more intelligent

—the better the man, and the broader his outlook," Dickens tells us, and Owen Meredith says:

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

It is sound doctrine to say that whoever by care and study can add even so much as a harmless and relieving pudding to the great bill of fare does something practical for her kind. No institution and no interest can ever take precedence of the home, and the heart of the home is the kitchen. The library may be all that the most intellectual may require; the drawing-room may be perfect in every appointment; the conservatory may yield its most fragrant exotics; but if there is not a competent buyer of provisions, a trained head and a skillful pair of hands at the kitchen-range, there is no real comfort and no health in the household. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of the cook, and everything that adds to his or her knowledge and efficiency increases the sum total of intelligence and efficiency in the world. So let us have more culinary instruction, instead of less, in order that from increased health may come the natural evolution of great ideas, justice and tolerance.

DR. MACKENZIE'S CRITICS.

IT must be humiliating to every honorable German to recall the treatment to which Dr. Mackenzie was persistently subjected during his long and anxious and devoted attendance on the late Emperor. Every few days there was some new attack upon him, some new insinuation against him, some hint thrown out that he was treacherous or incompetent, or both. All these attacks have been traced to the petty malice of some among the German physicians; and they took, ten days ago, an official character in the reports of these physicians sent out by the German Foreign Office. These reports state that the Crown Prince's malady was from the first perceived by the German physicians to be cancer; that Dr. Mackenzie, called in as a specialist, denied their conclusions and instituted a wholly inefficient treatment; that he persisted in his course, when it was proved that he was wrong; that he bungled in his surgical operations and injured the vocal chords of the Emperor's throat; and that the responsibility for the prolonged suffering and, inferentially, for the death of the Emperor, is to be laid at the door of Dr. Mackenzie.

It must be left to professional men to deal with the statements and arguments of these reports, put forth under the authority of the Government, in defiance of right and decency. Dr. Mackenzie, as the whole world knows, was charged with the care of the sick Emperor. It is nothing to the point that he was or was not acceptable to the other physicians or to the coming Emperor. No report of his patient's case can have the slightest value to an unprejudiced mind unless it has passed under his criticism and received his signature. He is believed by the intelligent world to be the only man competent to report on the case to which he devoted himself throughout so many trying months. The firmness and dignity of his attitude, and the lofty reticence with which he has met all the unworthy assaults upon him, have won the admiration and respect of men, and it is not too much to say that when he sees fit to publish his account of the Emperor's illness it will be accepted as final.

THE CANDAHAR RAILWAY.

THE public generally were well informed of the progress of the Russian railway to Samarcand, but little has been known regarding a still more important line that the British have been constructing to Central Asia from the opposite direction. Since January 1st this new line, the Candahar Railway, has been opened to Killa Abdulla, 5,000 feet above the sea-level; and there is now a daily service of trains between Killa Abdulla and Quetta, with caravans from Candahar and Herat stopping at the former place to unload and transport their goods onward by rail. From Quetta to Candahar the railway will run in almost a straight line, and its construction will be exceptionally difficult and expensive. From Gulistan to Chaman, on the Candahar side of the Kwaia Amran range, the distance is only thirty miles, but the estimated cost of the railway along this part of its course is \$400,000 per mile. Pending the construction of the permanent line, it is the intention to open up communication with Chaman as soon as possible, by means of a light mountain railway. One of the chief features of the permanent line is a tunnel two and a half miles long, upon which English miners will be employed.

The importance of this railway to the Anglo-Indian Empire can scarcely be overestimated. As a commercial enterprise alone it cannot fail to be of the greatest utility, as by it the productions of Central Asia can find a more direct outlet to the sea than by any other route. But the Indian and British statesman will regard it as mainly of importance as a means for the transportation of troops to the confines of India and to Central Asia in the event of any threatening advance on the part of Russia, or in case of a rupture with that Power.

Doubtless, at no very distant date, the British and the Russians will contend for the sovereignty of Asia on the plateaus of Central Asia. Should the native Indian princes and people regard Great Britain with even the mild degree of favor they do now, the Russians would be swept out of Central Asia; but should the population of Hindoostan be hostile to the British interests, a war with Russia might end for ever the British power in India, notwithstanding the facilities existing for the transportation of troops.

An important resolution on the emigration question was passed by the House of Representatives last week. After declaring that the emigration to this country is "excessive, artificial and injurious, and encouraged to satisfy private greed," the resolution provides for a special committee to investigate the entire subject, with power to sit during the recess—the main object aimed at being to reach the persons who are instrumental in having pauper Italians shipped here, and then to suggest a way of punishment, and a means of stopping the influx, which is fast filling up our jails and poorhouses. The subject is an important one, and measures for the cure of the evil cannot be too speedily adopted.

THE letters published by the *London Times*, and the charges against Mr. Parnell based upon them, make the Irish leader the foremost man to-day in the British Empire. Like Victor Hugo in his eighteen years of exile, Parnell weighs in the scale against the Government of England. The *Times* has for the moment the ear of the Tory and the pseudo-Tory parties in the United Kingdom; but no honest man, in or out of the kingdom, with a knowledge of the alphabet, has the faintest belief in the story told by the *Times*, or the slightest doubt of Mr. Parnell's entire innocence. The Government, which for a time seemed indisposed to do so, has done well to acquiesce finally in his demand for an inquiry, although it is difficult to see why that inquiry should not have been made by a Parliamentary committee, instead of a commission of judges as proposed. The disposition, too, to hamper the investigation, by

certain official restrictions, is to be regretted. There is, unhappily, in England, a public to applaud any policy likely to prejudice the Irish cause and its leaders, but its triumph, if it triumph, must be short-lived. Time is on the side of the right. "Not even the whole world, when wrong," says Victor Hugo's magnificent line, "weighs in the balance against one just man."

THE platform upon which Mr. Cleveland was elected to the Presidency declared that "the selection of Federal officers for the Territories should be restricted to citizens resident therein." The doctrine thus avowed is in every way sound and in harmony with good policy, but the President evidently considers it otherwise, and he does not hesitate to disregard the party pledges whenever occasion offers. Thus he nominated in one day, last week, five judges for four Western Territories—only one of whom is a resident of the Territory for which he is named! And all the Mugwump organs, which lost no opportunity to criticize Presidents Garfield and Arthur for like violations of the principle of home rule, cry Amen!

It is apparent that the "barrel" is expected to play an important part in the coming campaign. On the one side it is alleged that "monopolist manufacturers" will contribute liberally in aid of the Republicans, while on the other it is said that the whisky ring and some of the Trusts will pour out their treasure in support of the Democratic canvass. Probably the truth is that neither party will have the amount of financial help which these wild statements indicate, and it is quite certain that there is nothing to justify the partisan charges that one or another of the candidates proposes to "buy" his election. Money will of course be expended, and some of it for illicit purposes, but the contest will be decided by other than pecuniary arguments, and with reference to higher than mere personal or partisan interests.

SERBIA'S royal scandal, arising from the ineffectual endeavors of King Milan to secure a divorce from Queen Natalie, has become an international affair. Milan was willing to compromise upon a separation, but insisted upon keeping their son, the Crown Prince, until he shall attain his majority. The Prince is with his mother, who has been staying at Wiesbaden, Germany. King Milan has not only invoked the aid of the Holy Synod of Serbia to have a divorce granted, but has formally demanded the aid of the Prussian authorities in procuring the surrender of the Crown Prince. Queen Natalie disputes the jurisdiction of the Synod, and has appealed to the Czar for protection. She also threatens to resist forcibly any attempted removal of her son. The Government, therefore, desires Queen Natalie to leave Germany, unless she is willing to submit to magisterial authority. It is quite possible that the mother may yet baffle her enemies.

THE discussion of the Fisheries Treaty was resumed in the Senate last week, Mr. Hoar making a strong argument against its ratification. He claimed that the treaty does not settle the real American grievance. "It leaves the American sailor to be bullied and insulted without redress, and abandons the American right to the fisheries, older than the nation itself. It constantly affirms a dominion on the part of Canada over the fishing-grounds which from the beginning have been our joint property. It establishes throughout a relation of control." These objections to the treaty are undoubtedly justified by the facts in the case. It surrenders, for instance, the oyster, shad, mackerel and herring fisheries of the Chesapeake Bay in exchange for rights in Canadian waters which have been guaranteed to New England fishermen ever since the Revolution. It subjects the Canadians to no local regulations, the only restriction being an imaginary three-mile limit from the shore. It is desirable that this vexatious dispute should be settled, but it is still more desirable that, when settled, the real point in issue should be determined justly and decisively.

THE recent developments in the strike of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy engineers have been noted with painful surprise by the many who believe that railroad engineers are a singularly trustworthy class of men. This belief will not be destroyed even if it is proved that a few individuals have been guilty of criminal conduct—and it must be said that the railroad authorities as yet have not proved their charges. The first arrests of men with dynamite in their possession certainly indicated a despicable plot; but it does not appear to have been proved that these men in any way represented the Brotherhood, and it even seems possible that detectives may have manufactured charges and evidence, although no one can affirm that such is the case. The arrest of Chairman Hoge of the Grievance Committee, and others, is based upon the charge that they sent out a circular calling upon engineers to return to work in order to gain an opportunity to disable engines. The published circular is dated April 16th, and if authentic, it is strange that in the three months since there has been no general destruction of engines. It is strange, also, that such compromising instructions should have been scattered broadcast in circulars signed and dated from the headquarters of the Brotherhood. On the other hand, it is reported that two of Hoge's clerks have confessed that he sent out the circulars. If this is true, the conspirators deserve all the punishment that even the vindictive railway authorities could wish; but we do not believe that Chief Arthur or the Brotherhood as a body would countenance resort to violence after the disastrous experiences of 1877.

THERE are people who object to the grandeur of Nature unless her solitudes are enlivened with a certain degree of human interest. They must feel a lively gratitude for the change which has come over Niagara Falls. We do not imply that Niagara has been a solitary place, during this century at least, but until a comparatively recent time the gaping tourist was taken to see the Falls, the Cave of the Winds, the Rapids, Goat Island, and other natural wonders or curiosities. At present, when the visitor intrusts himself to a hack-driver and is taken to see the "points of interest," his experience certainly abounds in "human interest" of a peculiar kind. On the bridge over the American Rapids the driver stops. The tourist expects him to expatiate upon the grandeur of the whirling waters. But Jehu clears his throat and remarks: "Thar's whar the American banker's wife jumped off. She got scared and clung to a rock. Her husband offered thousands to save her, but they couldn't, and after three hours, she let go." When across the Suspension Bridge, the driver gets enthusiastic over Mrs. Webb's curiosity-shop, "opened after her husband was killed trying to swim Whirlpool Rapids;" and later he points out "the very rock where Captain Webb was killed." Then a rope is pointed out from which a man fell and was "smashed to bits" on the rocks below. This is followed by tales of people swept over the Falls after harrowing attempts at rescue, and of men who have tried the Rapids in casks and boats, down to the poor wretch drowned in his own "lifeboat" a few weeks since. Very little is said about the Falls. If the tourist would enjoy their majesty undisturbed, he must stop his ears. But if he wants "human interest," he can have it, although of a peculiarly gruesome kind.

Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 363.



FRANCE.—GENERAL BOULANGER.



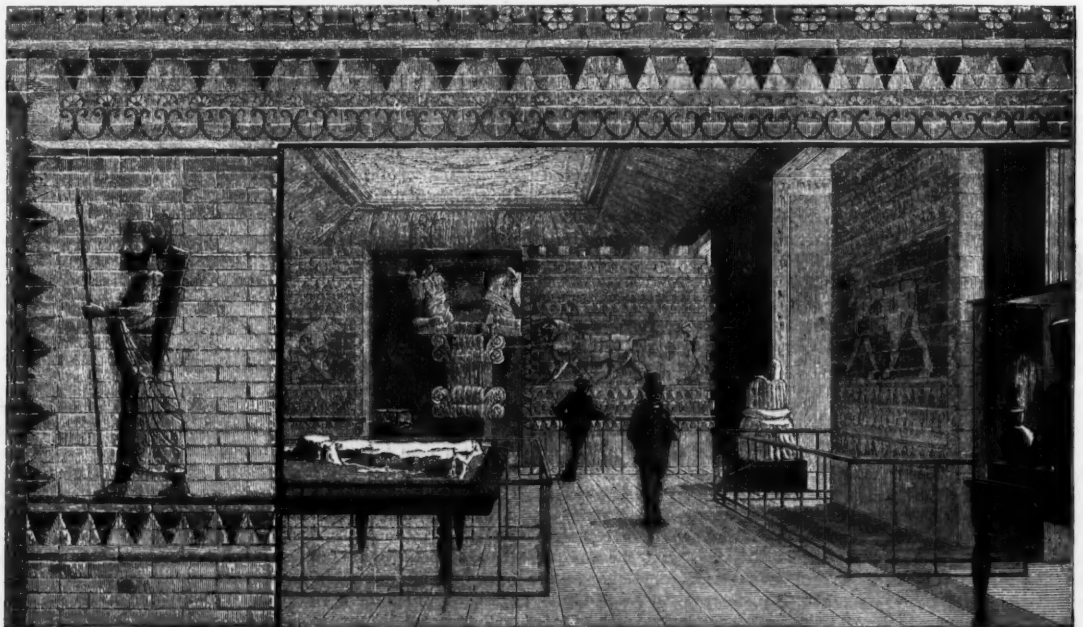
FRANCE.—ROYALIST BANQUET AT THE HÔTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS—PROCESSION OF THE BANNERS.



ITALY.—THE EIGHT HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOLOGNA UNIVERSITY—UNVEILING THE STATUE OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.



ITALY.—PRINCESS LUITPOLD BONAPARTE, AFFIANCED TO THE DUKE OF AOSTA.



FRANCE.—NEW ROOMS OF THE DIEULAFOY MUSEUM OF PERSIAN ANTIQUITIES, AT THE LOUVRE, PARIS.



NEW YORK.—HON. LEVI P. MORTON NOTIFIED OF HIS NOMINATION FOR VICE-PRESIDENT—THE COMMITTEE OF NOTIFICATION AND FRIENDS.
FROM A PHOTO. BY PACH BROTHERS.

NOTIFYING THE CANDIDATES.

WE give a picture of the scene at the residence of ex-Senator Allan G. Thurman, in Columbus, O., on the occasion of his formal notification by the Democratic committee, of his nomination as the party's candidate for Vice-president of the United States. This interesting formality took place on the afternoon of the 28th ultimo. All the members of the regular committee were present except the representatives from Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia, Arizona, and New Mexico. Accompanying the committee were General P. A. Collins, of Massachusetts and the Hon. S. M. White, of California. Judge Thurman received his visitors in the north reception-room of the mansion, and, after listening to the reading of the letter of notification, accepted the proffered nomination in a dignified and eloquent speech. Every one remarked that Judge Thurman appeared vigorous and earnest, and old friends declared they had not seen him so vivacious and happy for months. It was interesting to see the Old Roman surrounded by his admirers, and nothing would satisfy the committee but that

a photographer should take a group picture of the gathering, which was done. The photograph is reproduced in our engraving.

The official notification of Mr. Morton, the Republican nominee for the Vice-presidency, took place at his home in Rhinebeck, N. Y., on Saturday, the 7th inst. The party of delegates, arriving from New York by special train, was headed by Judge Estee, of California, chairman, and Captain J. C. Dougherty, of Tennessee, secretary. Several distinguished Republicans, not delegates, accompanied the party. They marched in procession to the Huntington mansion, where Mr. Morton and his family reside. The official business was transacted in the drawing-room, Judge Estee making a neat little speech, and Mr. Morton accepting the nomination in a few felicitous remarks. "Sociabilities" and luncheon followed, after which the party adjourned to the shaded veranda and grounds, while Pach, the New York photographer, brought his camera to bear on the delegates. He photographed a group of them, with Mr. and Mrs. Morton in the centre, Mrs. Morton having a couple of Harrison and Morton badges pinned to her dress. The picture which forms a campaign piece for the other, will be found on this page.

RICH CHINAMEN IN NEW YORK.

THE Chinese population in New York city at present amounts to nearly eight thousand persons. In this number there are some pretty rich Chinamen, even from the American standpoint of wealth. Wong Yee Chong, the Vanderbilt of the colony, is said to be worth nearly a million and a half of dollars. His first coup was made in Panama, where he happened to be when he learned that De Lesseps wanted immediately some 10,000 or 15,000 laborers, and was ready to pay them good wages after giving a bonus to secure them. This news was immediate wealth to Wong Yee Chong, who, by being first in the field, secured a contract to deliver all the laborers needed within a specified number of days. It was easy for him to do it, as he knew, for all he had to do was to spread the news—and he knew where to spread it—that places were open, and that application must be made to him. He got the bonus and cleared \$100,000 cash. Afterward Wong drifted to Cuba, and filled a large contract for coolie labor with profitable results to himself. He is now the wealthiest Chinaman in New York, and his influence among his fellow-countrymen is boundless.

Another wealthy Celestial is the merchant Yuet

Sing, who is the great importer of Chinese goods in this country. He has warehouses in Canton, San Francisco, Chicago and New York, and his custom-house duties average more than \$20,000 yearly. Yuet Sing has a young cousin, Moy Shoen Bak, who assists him in his business and who is a financier of no mean order. This firm represents the great Wo Kee Company of China.

The great sporting king of the community is Wong Ah Hee. He is worth more at some times than at others, for, as he says, "Luck is like a great rain-cloud. It may hover over you for a long time, and the rain may fall heavily, but the sun will shine some time." Probably a fair estimate of his wealth to-day would be \$250,000, though in 1886 he lost money heavily, and in 1887 he did little or no business owing to the warfare among the Chinese themselves and consequent police interference. It was in January last that he said what is quoted above, and his faith has been justified since.

He is a handsome, stalwart man, about thirty-two years old, very quiet in manner and elegant in dress, like gamblers generally, and is one of the heaviest backers of the numerous games of bok-ah-bao (lotteries), fan-tan, and che-wah, which is a modification of roulette—or, rather, resembles that game.



OHIO.—FORMAL NOTIFICATION OF MR. THURMAN OF HIS NOMINATION FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY—THE COMMITTEE GROUPED AT THE DOOR OF HIS RESIDENCE IN COLUMBUS.
FROM A PHOTO. BY BAKER.

SURPRISED.

KIND, calm, a trifle proud, perhaps:
Her thoughts seemed always far away.
She had the air of one in haste,
Who wished to, but who could not, stay.

She never gave me glance for glance,
Nor let her sweet hand rest in mine
The fraction of a moment more
Than etiquette's strict laws define.

Nor glad to meet, nor loath to part,
From all embarrassment so free
Her manner was, I would have sworn
She simply tolerated me.

Yet when, at last, I dared to hint
My yearning hope, my trembling fear,
She sobbed and said, "But only think
How long you've kept me waiting, dear!"
M. ANGE DEVERE.

CONNOR'S INDIAN.

BY ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER.

WHY Mr. Morton opposed the engagement of his orphan niece and ward, Nellie Armour, to Kirk Willey, was a puzzle to all their friends. True, Nellie was rich and Kirk was not; but the young man possessed some things which sensible people esteem much more highly than the ability to put one's signature to a large check. He had an old and honorable family name, a character above reproach, and already an enviable position in his chosen profession—the law. "A rising young man," people said of him; "keen and energetic."

But when Kirk asked Mr. Morton to sanction Nellie's engagement to him, he met with a flat refusal. Surprised and indignant, the young lover smothered his chagrin enough to ask:

"Would anything change your decision?"

After a little thought, Mr. Morton replied:

"Yes; when you can show me ten thousand dollars, earned by your own exertions, you shall have my consent."

The young man left the room with a heavy heart. Ten thousand dollars! It was not a large sum to some men, but to a young lawyer just entering upon his profession it seemed enormous. Kirk knew that it put years between him and Nellie.

"I don't understand it, Kirk!" Nellie cried, when she heard her guardian's decision. "I'm sure I have enough money for us both. What does he mean?"

Ah, Nellie, if those keen eyes of your lover could have taken a peep into the big account-books your uncle was bending over so wearily while you asked that question, he could have soon told you the meaning. It was just this: Mr. James Morton, the honored, trusted banker, like many another man, was engaged in stock operations. As it is in the habit of doing, the market had "gone against him," in the language of "the street." Now, Mr. Morton had not only risked his own capital, but he had also, in violation of the explicit directions of his brother-in-law's will, used Nellie's money in the endeavor to "protect" his speculations, and had lost a large part of it.

"If I only had time," he said to himself, "I could replace the amount; but Nellie's fortune passes into her own hands when she marries, and it wouldn't take a man like Kirk Willey long to see through the whole thing. Then I'd have to face exposure and disgrace."

As he mused thus, there was a tap at the library-door, and Nellie entered in obedience to his "Come."

"Uncle James," she said, "you have not forgotten to send for my jewels, have you? You know Tuesday will be my birthday, and I am to have them then. And"—she hesitated a moment—"and, I suppose Kirk is still a welcome visitor here. Do you know," she went on, half defiantly, "I've a mind to tell him to steal the old diamonds and buy me with the money."

And with a forced laugh and a half-cry, Nellie vanished. Then a strange look came into her uncle's face as he thought:

"Yes, the jewels are hers on her birthday. Dear me, if I could only convert them into money in some way, instead of their being locked up, only to be worn on state occasions, how easily I could slip out of all my difficulties! And it would really make Nellie happier to let her get married. I wonder if I could!"

As Kirk Willey was leaving the Morton residence on the following Monday night, Nellie's uncle came to the library-door and called him back.

"Come in here a moment, Kirk," he said, pleasantly. "I've something to show you."

When the young man, with rather a haughty air, had followed him into the room, Mr. Morton said, as he closed the door:

"Perhaps I was too short with you the other day, Kirk; but you know Nellie is very dear to me, and it seemed only right that I should be sure of your ability to maintain her. However, I've been thinking the matter over, and have concluded to reduce the sum to five thousand dollars. What do you say to that?"

"It will be a great relief to me," Kirk answered, cordially. "I may be able to raise that amount in a reasonable time; certainly sooner than ten thousand."

"I hope so," said Mr. Morton. Then, after a pause, he added, "Here is something that will interest you. The old family jewels came from the safe deposit company's this afternoon, and I've been looking them over before putting them away. They pass into Nellie's possession to-morrow."

Kirk was deeply interested in the beautiful stones which the banker took one by one, from their cases. There were flashing diamonds, glowing rubies and modest pearls, with other gems in abundance. For generations the Armours had been adding to the stock, and Nellie was their sole heiress.

"My Nellie," Kirk thought.

"I'm sorry I must hurry you," said Mr. Morton, after young Willey had gazed some minutes at the treasures, "but I am going to Wilmont to-night, and I hear the carriage coming now to take me to the station."

"Are you not afraid to leave these here over night?" asked Kirk.

"Oh, no," Mr. Morton answered, rather nervously. "They're safe enough. No one knows they are here but you, and if anybody did, see how securely they are hidden."

Mr. Morton pulled a strong drawer out of his desk, and then touched a spring which revealed a recess beneath, in which he slipped the leather case containing the jewels.

"You see this desk is not wood, as it appears, but iron, and it would be practically impossible for any one not knowing the secret to open it."

Both men then left the house and entered the waiting carriage. They had driven only a few feet past the gate, when Mr. Morton exclaimed:

"John! stop a minute! I must get my cane. I left it to-day in the arbor."

"Let me get it," said Kirk, rising from his seat.

"No, no!" his companion cried, a little more energetically than the occasion seemed to require. "I can find it in the dark better myself. Wait here."

As he sprang out of the carriage, Kirk leaned back, and, moved by a sudden impulse, watched his retreating form through the little rear window until he entered the arbor. Suddenly young Willey started nervously. Surely that shadow that lay in the moonlight, clear-cut as a silhouette, did not belong to Mr. Morton. There was a curious bend in the shoulders, and instead of a frock-coat, the man in the arbor wore a short jacket, and the face showed no beard. A minute later the shadow vanished, and Mr. Morton returned to the carriage.

"Was there any one in the arbor?" Kirk inquired, as soon as the banker was seated.

His question was evidently unexpected, for Mr. Morton exhibited a little perturbation as he replied:

"No! Why?"

Kirk told him of the shadow, when he laughed and said: "Scared at a shadow, Kirk? I gave you credit for stronger nerves than that. But here's your corner. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Morton."

As Kirk walked home in the moonlight he could not reconcile that shadow with Mr. Morton's assertion that there was no one in the arbor.

When the banker returned, next day, Nellie greeted him with a frightened face.

"Some one has been in the house, uncle," she said, "and your desk was opened."

She followed him to the library, where a hurried search revealed what she had feared. Her precious jewels were gone.

"Who could have taken them?" she cried, aghast. Then wondering at the quiet way in which her uncle took the loss, she said: "You suspect some one?"

"Yes," he answered, as if repeating a scarcely learned speech. "My child, those jewels were taken by some one who knew just where they were hidden, just how to open the desk, just how to enter the house. There is only one person besides myself who possesses this information. I showed the gems to Kirk Willey last—"

"Uncle!" interrupted the girl, the indignation and horror in her voice almost compelling him to stop; but he went on:

"What his motives were we can readily guess. One of the stones would sell for enough money to remove my objection to his marriage. Then he needs funds to meet a mortgage on his homestead. He probably reasoned that the jewels would all come into his possession some day, and he was only taking them a little sooner."

"I don't believe a word of it!" Nellie exclaimed. "Kirk is no thief."

"Well," her uncle said, "I shall put a detective on the case at once, and I only hope Kirk will be able to clear himself. Meanwhile I shall feel it my duty to have him arrested and searched."

"Oh, uncle!" The girl looked at him in such a white heat of anger as almost seemed to scorch his purpose. "Don't do that! I will never forgive you, never! It would be ruin to both him and me."

"Well," Mr. Morton replied, slowly, "if you will promise to have nothing more to do with him until I give you permission, I will see the young man, and perhaps I can prevail upon him to return the jewels quietly."

"I'll promise anything," Nellie answered, desperately, "if you will only not investigate this now. After to-day I will never speak to him again."

Among Kirk Willey's visitors that morning was old Jack Connor, who kept a little cigar-store in a small house belonging to Mr. Morton.

Jack had the name of being rather a sly fellow, and Kirk had once incurred his bitter hatred by figuring as a witness—although an unwilling one—when Connor was charged with selling cigars and tobacco without complying with certain formalities prescribed by the United States Internal Revenue laws.

"I'll be even with Willey yet," he had often declared. And so Kirk was greatly surprised when Connor asked him to make out a deed for the little house he occupied.

"I thought Mr. Morton would not sell it," Kirk remarked.

"He's changed his mind," Connor replied, with an evil smile; "we all do that, you know." Then he left, after saying he would be in again next day.

He had been gone less than ten minutes when Mr. Morton entered. It is needless to repeat what

passed at the interview. Kirk's amazement and wrath at first knew no bounds. He denied the charge of stealing the jewels, and defied proof; but when Mr. Morton enumerated his carefully prepared reasons for believing him guilty, and concluded by suddenly leaning forward and taking a diamond stud off the desk, Kirk was dumb-founded.

"Here alone," Mr. Morton said, "is enough proof to convict you. This stud was among the stolen jewels, and here it is on your desk, evidently dropped there in your nervous hurry last night. Now, Willey, for Nellie's sake I don't want this made public, nor do I want to be severe with you. I will give you two months in which to prove your innocence or return the jewels."

Realizing how ruinous even the faintest breath of such a charge against him would be, Morton's victim was forced to accept the offer, though he could see no way of clearing himself from the imputation.

It seemed to Kirk Willey that the rest of the day was passed in a horrible dream, and night brought him no comfort, for he could not sleep. There was one star shining through the gloom that enveloped him. A little note found its way to his desk, which said:

"Kirk, dearest—dearest, I do not for an instant doubt you. I would marry you to-day to prove it, but I am in uncle's power. I shall be forced for your sake, my own, to avoid you; but remember, whatever comes, I shall always believe in you and belong to you. Whenever you see me, look at my throat, and if a jeweled fly is among my laces, you will know I am true, loving you dearly, and praying that you may soon establish your innocence."
"NELLIE."

When Kirk Willey looks back on the month following Mr. Morton's visit, it seems that it was all a dreadful nightmare. How he attended to business at all he will never know, for only one question interested him: how should he prove his innocence?

There seemed absolutely no clew to follow. There was no violence at the house; there were no burglar's tools; there was nothing of any kind to give rise to the slightest suspicion. No servants, even, could be accused, for on that night there had been a servants' party at a neighbor's house, and all Mr. Morton's domestics had attended it except the coachman and Miss Nellie's maid. The maid was in her mistress's room at the time of the robbery, and the coachman had observed the open door on his return from taking Mr. Morton to the station, and had given the alarm immediately.

As the days went by and the first month drew to a close, Kirk became almost desperate. His only comfort was that he almost daily met Nellie out walking, and always saw beneath her dainty chin the jeweled insect.

One night, while walking down the street, he was startled by a shadow cast on the pavement before him. With a suppressed exclamation he stopped short. He had dwelt so often on every incident of the night when the jewels were stolen, that it seemed as though he continually lived it over.

He often thought of the strange shadow he then saw in the arbor. To-night he saw again the queer-shaped bend in the shoulder, the same short coat, the same smooth features. Turning quickly to see the owner of the shadow, he almost stumbled over Jack Connor. With a muttered apology he resumed his walk, went home and flung himself on the lounge, quivering with suppressed excitement.

When the mind has long been laboring to solve a question, it often leaps to a sudden conclusion, and so it was with Kirk now.

"I see it," he thought, almost audibly. "Only a shadow, but it's true. Connor went to the house to pay his rent. He watched us through the long windows; he saw the jewels, and saw me leave. When Mr. Morton went back for his cane, Connor dodged behind the arbor. After we were driven away, he secured the plunder. It was the very next morning that he offered to buy the house. He knew Mr. Morton would come to my office to report the loss, and he managed to slip that diamond on the desk where Mr. Morton would find it, and so throw the suspicion upon me. I see, I see! Well, he is to make the first payment on Tuesday, and it will be strange indeed if I do not discover where the money comes from that he does it with."

All the next day Kirk watched the cigar-store, but Connor appeared twice only—once, when he wheeled out his new sign, an immense, gaudily painted wooden Indian, and again when he moved the image back at night.

At about nine o'clock, however, Kirk's vigil was rewarded by seeing the tobacco-dealer leave the house and walk rapidly away. He followed, and, to his great surprise, Connor entered Mr. Morton's grounds and went straight to the arbor. Kirk crept stealthily forward, but it took him some time to get within earshot without being seen. He succeeded in secreting himself in the shade of a tree, however, sufficiently close to hear Connor say:

"They'll be ready for you at the shop to-morrow night at ten o'clock."

The man then left, and Kirk hesitated a moment, hardly knowing whom to shadow—the unknown man who remained in the arbor or Connor; but he finally decided to follow the latter, and hastened after him. He learned nothing new, however, for Connor went directly home.

Early next morning Kirk was at the cigar-store, resolved on finding a way to be an unseen witness of the interview between Connor and his confederate.

While lighting his cigar he glanced carefully about, but a survey of the room afforded him no satisfaction. It was perfectly bare of any place of concealment. Neither the table at which Connor worked nor the shelves which held his stock-in-trade offered the slightest facility for hiding; and

the windows, he noticed with surprise, were guarded with iron-shutters, effectually shutting off all outside scrutiny.

Thoroughly disheartened, he left the store, and as he did so ran against a man standing by the door.

"Beg your pardon!" he ejaculated, mechanically, when a little laugh from some young ladies who were passing recalled his wandering wits, and he saw that the object to which he had apologized was the Indian sign. He gazed at it a moment in amused astonishment. Then a sudden look of happy decision lifted the gloom from his face, and he strode away, after taking another long look at the gaudy chief.

That afternoon three young men, all warm friends of Kirk's, dropped into Connor's store. As they were making their purchases one of them exclaimed, looking through the open door at the Indian:

"Hello, boys! I've got an idea for the fancy-dress party. That Indian's Kirk's very image. I'm going to get him to have a costume like it, hatchet, cigars and all."

"For once your idea does you credit," replied one of his friends. "Let's take the Indian right down to the costumer's, and get a suit exactly like it."

"Deed you won't," Connor interposed. "That statue cost me a pretty figure, and I won't have it banging around town."

"Oh, come, Connor, I'll leave a twenty-dollar bill with you as security that it's returned all right by nine o'clock to-night and pay you a couple of dollars for the rent of it."

Connor thought this an easy way to make two dollars, and consented; whereupon the young men left, laughingly bearing their prize with them.

About nine o'clock that night the door of Connor's little room opened to admit a closely muffled man; and he was scarcely inside when three young men, laughing and joking, also rapped for admittance.

"Who's that?" came from within.

"We've brought home your warrior. Let us in, Connor!"

"Set it down outside!" growled the latter.

"And leave you my twenty dollars! Not much! Come, let us in, Connor. We'll stay here until we fulfill our contract, and set the image up in his corner. You needn't try to get us off without."

There was a minute's delay, and then the door was slowly unbolted. The young men entered, carrying the Indian. They shuffled across the floor and put the figure in its corner.

"Now give us our twenty dollars."

After standing the warrior in its place they turned to close their business relations with Connor, and, to their surprise, saw that the other man was Mr. Morton.

"Why, Mr. Morton," exclaimed one, "we did not dream of you being here!"

"No," he replied, trying to laugh, but evidently very much embarrassed; "I had a little matter of business with Connor, and came down to-night to attend to it myself."

Then there was a good-natured squabble with Connor over the return of their money, in which they succeeded in getting him so excited that he never glanced at his sign. At last, to the infinite relief of Mr. Morton and Jack, the noisy young men left.

"Come, hurry up!" Mr. Morton exclaimed, as the door closed behind them; "my nerves seem all unstrung."

A moment later, from beneath the rows of tobacco-boxes Connor dragged out a heavy leather case. Mr. Morton glanced up, and as he did so, his eye fell on the Indian standing in the corner.

"Heavens, Connor!" he exclaimed, "is that cursed thing alive? It's the image of Kirk Willey!"

Connor uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Your nerves certainly are unstrung!" he sneered; "and as for its looking like Willey, that's what those crazy fellows said this afternoon."

He began unlocking the case, and both men were soon bending eagerly over its contents. The Indian was forgotten; but had a keen-eyed observer been present, he would not have wondered at Mr. Morton's mistaking the wooden image for a thing of life; for, as the case was opened, disclosing row after row of glittering gems, it did seem as if a thrill ran through the wooden block. As the firelight danced over it, it really seemed as if an eager, intense look came into the painted eyes; and surely, as the men's attention became absorbed in the jewels, the arm of the figure did move!

How deceptive shadows are! One could almost have sworn that the bunch of cigars in the wooden hand was replaced by a shining revolver. Was there ever a more perfect semblance of than when the hatchet in the other hand to slip noiselessly down, and when the stiff fingers seemed to grasp a second pistol?

Just then Mr. Morton glanced up at:

"I tell you, Jack," he gasped, "it's alive!"

"Yea, alive, Mr. Morton!" rang out the clear voice of Kirk Willey; "and these pistols are loaded, and ready to help me prove my innocence of the foul crime you have tried to fasten upon me. You had Jack Connor steal those jewels, and then accused me of the crime to prevent my marriage with Nellie. Don't trouble yourselves to move," he continued, as Connor stirred uneasily; "my friends are just outside the door. They don't know what they are there for, but a few words from me would explain it all. And, Mr. Morton, for Nellie's sake I would save you this deep disgrace."

"Kirk, dearest," said pretty Mrs. Willey to her husband, one day not long after their marriage, "did uncle never tell you how he got the jewels back?"

"Dollikins," answered Kirk, as he lifted her

dainty chin for a kiss, "was it not enough that he gave you to me immediately, and asked our pardon so humbly? What do I care how he got them back, seeing that I got you!"

CONEY ISLAND CHARACTERS AND CONTRASTS.

THE sight of the merry-go-round in the thermometer stretching up to 98° or thereabouts in the shade—no unusual phenomenon at this season—acts with wilting and depressing effect upon your feelings, even though you were previously too well aware that it was "hot enough for you." The imagination being such a powerful medium, it is quite natural that you should try the reverse effect, and seek to temper the dead heat of the dog days by gazing upon pictures of the memorable Blizzard. It is a fact that photographs are displayed in many of the Broadway shop-windows, representing that thoroughfare as it appeared on the 12th of last March, with the snow heaped up mountains high, and icy whirlwinds sweeping through the air. Yes, the scene is pleasanter to contemplate now than it was then. Still, it cannot cool you off for the day, as Coney Island does. The flesh must follow the spirit to the seashore. "Coney Island" properly so-called nowadays is concentrated in that merry, crowded and clamorous (no pun intended on the *clam*) region round about the iron piers and the elephant. There are some comparatively "swell" hotels and beaches further eastward, but they have separate names, and are virtually distinct resorts. The sights which have occupied the artist's pencil in the sketches given on another page all belong to the western end of the Concourse drive; and they are well worth studying in the original. There the sausage-man sells, the dime museum flourishes, and the carousel madly whirls; there boy wrestles with tame bear, and passers-by with the untamed tinsy, who seeks to drag them into his tent, where the deadly camera is concealed. The clam-baker is on his native heath at Coney Island, and for a paltry half-dollar will get you up a "shore dinner" in which overgrown and leathery bivalves play the leading rôle—a meal warranted to be the most "filling" that you ever ate. The variety of amusements is infinite, though some of them might be mistaken, at a casual glance, for toil and penance. But tastes differ, and everybody finds something attractive about Coney Island.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S RESIGNATION AND DUEL.

THE European sensation of the week has been General Boulanger's sudden resignation from the French Chamber of Deputies, followed by his duel with Premier Floquet. In his speech in the Chamber on Thursday, the 12th inst., the general, true to his political pledges, asked for the dissolution of that body, in view of the necessity of fresh elections. M. Floquet replied with a bitter and sarcastic personal attack, which infuriated General Boulanger into giving him the lie direct. A violent uproar followed, and the President of the Chamber having declared the necessity of applying severe censure to General Boulanger, the latter said that in view of the President's decision he would resign his seat. The general thereupon left the Chamber, followed by his partisans. The members of the Left still claimed that censure should be applied to General Boulanger, and the vote was finally adopted. The inevitable duel was arranged the same night, and on Friday morning Premier Floquet and General Boulanger, attended by their seconds, met on Count Dillon's estate at Neuilly, a Parisian suburb on the Seine. The weapons were swords. According to the details now at hand, General Boulanger was at the second onslaught slightly wounded in the leg and M. Floquet received a cut on the right hand. After resting, the men renewed the fighting for the third time. General Boulanger made a lunge at M. Floquet's left breast, but only slightly touched the mark. General Boulanger then received a wound in the throat which put an end to the encounter. The wound is a severe one, but at present writing the doctors are unable to decide whether it is likely to prove dangerous.

A FRENCH ROYALIST REUNION.

The various Legitimist committees of Paris and the French provinces, which since the death of the Comte de Chambord have fixed their allegiance upon the Spanish branch of the Bourbons, represented by Don Carlos, held a general congress at the capital last month, which terminated with a grand banquet at the Hôtel Continental. A picturesque episode of this affair is represented in the picture. The president, Comte Maurice d'Andigné, having taken his place at the "table of honor," surrounded by old noblemen of the ancien régime, the delegates of the committee marched in, to the music of Mendelssohn's *marche royale*, bearing their white, golden banners, and making the complete tour of the tables. The banners bore the inscription: "Dieu, la France, le Roi," and underneath the escutcheon of the French Kings—three golden fleurs-de-lis, on a ground of azure, surmounted by the crown. By one of those singular anomalies peculiar to Parisian life, this same banquet hall was occupied on the evening following, at the same hour, by a gathering of Orleanist newspaper men, and the tricolor decorated the walls where the fleur-de-lis had been so recently played.

PRINCESS LETITIA BONAPARTE.

publish an attractive portrait of the Princess Bonaparte, daughter of Prince Jerome, whose betrothal to her uncle, the Duke of Aosta (Prince Amadeus of Savoy) is at present one of the principal social topics abroad. "The Princess Letitia," says a writer in the *American Register*, "is a tall and beautiful woman, and there is a possibility that she may become the Queen of Italy." I have seen it recently asserted—I know not with how much truth—that the present Crown Prince of Italy is not very strong, and has not, humanly speaking, a very long lease of life. However that may be, this is sure, that some sudden accident (which may Heaven avert!) might easily take off King Humbert and his son. Then it would be that the Prince Amadeus would be the rightful heir to the throne of Italy, and his spouse would be the Queen of Italy."

THE OCTOCENTENARY OF THE BOLOGNA UNIVERSITY.

One of the features of the celebration, last month, of the eighth centenary of the foundation of the University of Bologna, Italy, was the unveiling of the fine statue of King Victor Emmanuel, in the piazza adjoining the University build-

ings. A New York delegate to the celebration writes: "The festivities were all that could be expected. Rarely, if ever, was there such a gathering of eminent professors of law and science from all parts of the world. Nearly every important university of Europe was represented and about twelve colleges of America. The academic dignitaries of Europe appeared in their official dress, with golden chains and rich decorations, and presented a most picturesque spectacle. The King, the Queen, the Crown Prince and the Court graced the occasion and gave it official lustre. They sat out and stood out the ceremonies from the beginning to the close. The Queen gave a reception which was a brilliant affair. She is a beautiful, charming and highly accomplished lady. Altogether, the festival was unique and well worth attending."

THE DIEULAFOY COLLECTIONS.

The Persian antiquities from Susian discovered and brought to Paris by Mme. Jane Dieulafoy, the charming and adventurous Frenchwoman whose portrait has already appeared in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, have been permanently installed in the rooms set apart for them at the museum of the Louvre. These antiquities consist for the most part of mosaics and fragments of walls from the palace of King Darius, sarcophagi, glazed bricks, tiles, etc., of marvelous colors and curious designs. They are of great archaeological value; and Mme. Dieulafoy, dressed in the jaunty masculine costume which she habitually wears, frequently does the honors of the *salles* for parties of distinguished visitors.

THE POLITICAL COMMITTEES.

THE Republican National Committee has organized by the election of Hon. M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, as Chairman, and Hon. J. S. Fessenden, of New York, as Secretary. Mr. Quay, who is well known as the junior United States Senator from Pennsylvania, is reported to be a very superior organizer, and has had a long experience as a political manager. Mr. Fessenden is a member of the New York State Senate from the Elmira district, and is chairman of the committee which is conducting the Aqueduct investigation. The Executive Committee, which is charged with the immediate conduct of the canvass, includes John C. New, of Indiana; J. S. Clarkson, of Iowa; A. L. Conger, of Ohio; Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey; Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut; George R. Davis, of Illinois; J. Manchester Haynes, of Maine; M. H. DeYoung, of California; William Cassius Goodloe, of Kentucky. A committee consisting of M. H. DeYoung, of California, Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, George Christ, of Arizona, Arthur C. Mellette, of Dakota, and E. Williams, of Nevada, will have special charge of the campaign in the Pacific States and Territories.

Ex-Senator Barnum, the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, has appointed the following as the Campaign Committee: William L. Scott, of Pennsylvania; Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland; Matt. W. Ransom, of North Carolina; Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio; John S. Barbour, of Virginia; Herman Oelrichs, of New York; Miles Ross, of New Jersey; Arthur Sewall, of Maine; and Erskine M. Phelps, of Illinois. It is the general understanding that the three men who will have the most to do with the campaign will be Messrs. Scott, Gorman and Brice.

A WOMAN WHO MANAGES A GREAT ESTATE.

THE Philadelphia Record says: "Miss Mary Garrett, the daughter of the founder of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad system, controls and manages the Garrett interest in them, and has for some time been the most potential factor in the manipulation of the interests of that great corporation. She is thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the business of the road and its financial status, and has always been looked upon as one of the most sagacious advisers."

Although personally directing the management of a property worth not less than \$20,000,000, Miss Garrett is almost unknown to business men, because her fine sense of modesty and true womanly reserve will not permit her to assume an individual and personal control which both her capacity for financial affairs as well as her direct control of millions of money would enable her to do.

"There is no woman in the United States who can command more ready cash than Miss Garrett. Her knowledge of the road and its management gives her a position in the councils of that corporation not possessed by any other individual. When her father was living, Miss Garrett was his private secretary, his best adviser and most trusted friend, even above any of the old gentleman's sons. It was in this capacity that she obtained her knowledge of the road and her insight into its financial affairs."

"After the death of her father, Miss Garrett's influence over her brother, Mr. Robert Garrett, was so marked that it became a matter of current talk in Baltimore. But there were certain theories held by her brother which even the influence which she held over him could not successfully combat. When the schemes which led to the invocation of the aid of the Drexel syndicate culminated, Robert Garrett saw the wisdom of his sister's counsels, which he had failed to follow, and practically surrendered to her the management of his interests in the road. When he started on his tour around the world his sister followed and overtook him at San Francisco, where he was induced to give to her the control of all of his interests in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company."

"Recently, when the syndicate which had helped the Baltimore and Ohio out of the difficulties in which it had unwittingly been plunged began to haggle about the commissions and threatened to place the road in an embarrassing position, Miss Garrett quietly brushed them all aside, put up the needed cash and saved the credit of the company. Since the recent death of her brother, T. Harrison Garrett, Miss Mary Garrett's control of the Garrett estate has become practically unlimited during Robert Garrett's absence from the United States."

"Miss Garrett is a most unassuming lady, and would never be taken for a great financier, as she is, at first sight. She is not fond of notoriety, and in manners and habits is a most domestic and home-loving woman. She worshiped her father, and her most ardent hope is to see the great road which he built and brought to such vast importance kept up to the position where he left it, and perpetuated as one of the great institutions of the country."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

BORINGS around West Point, Ky., have revealed the existence of large deposits of salt and an abundance of gas.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has voted to consider at once a motion for the immediate suppression of religious congregations.

DOWAGER EMPRESS VICTORIA, widow of Frederick III., has an annual income of \$200,000, \$40,000 of which is derived from England. She will be obliged to make Germany her nominal residence, and to visit Berlin every year.

Not a few lawyers in New York hold that the Duke of Marlborough could not contract a legal marriage in New York State, and that in consequence the noble duke's union with Mrs. Hammersley is illegal and bigamous.

Mrs. BROWN POTTER, it is announced, will visit Sarah Bernhardt at her villa, in Cauterets, in August, and study there *Juliet* in French, so as to play it during the exhibition to Bernhardt's *Romeo*. The latter means to master her rôle in English, and play it in America also, with Mrs. Potter.

"I MAY honestly say," writes Sir John Millais, "that I never consciously placed an idle touch upon canvass. Yet," he continues, "the worst pictures I ever painted in my life are those into which I threw most trouble and labor; and I confess I should not grieve were half of my works to go to the bottom of the Atlantic—if I might choose the half."

AN English Blue Book has just been issued, which gives the number of vessels contained in the navies of the different maritime powers of Europe as follows: Battle-ships, England 49; France, 30; Italy, 21; Germany, 13; Russia, 9. Cruisers, England, 87; France, 67; Germany, 29; Russia, 25; Italy, 21. Torpedo vessels and boats, England, 176; France, 140; Italy, 138; Russia, 97; Germany, 96.

THE total number of petitions filed under the French Divorce Law from 1884 to 1886 exceeds 20,000. Of the couples who in 1886 asked for divorce pure and simple, twenty-four had been married fifty years. The largest number of disagreeing couples had been married from five to ten years. One hundred and nine couples wanted to be divorced before the honeymoon had waned. In 3,026 cases violence was the reason of the application.

In momentary recollection of the oenotatory ceremony performed for Mrs. Hammersley-Marlborough, while his eyes twinkled and his mouth watered, Mayor Hewitt, of New York, remarked the other day: "I'm getting to be the great American kisser. I'm going to knock General Sherman into a cocked hat. There's the duchess, that's one; then there were three in the country yesterday that I didn't expect, that's four; and two to-day, that makes six kisses in one week—and my wife's away to Europe."

THE orthodox Hebrews of New York city, downtown, last week welcomed the learned Rabbi Joseph, from Russia. The Grand Rabbi will organize the several rabbis now in charge of houses of Jewish worship. He will see to it that all the ancient forms are duly followed, and all the peculiar rites of the chosen people touching food and sanitation will be under his direction. He will establish an ecclesiastical court of arbitration, which will have particular care of social questions and matters of marriage and divorce. He comes fresh from the charge of one of the largest synagogues in Wilna, Russian Poland, and does not speak English.

KING MILAN of Serbia has finally got possession of his son, the twelve-year-old Crown Prince. Last Friday, police officers entered the villa at Wiesbaden, Germany, where Queen Natalie was stopping with her son, and shortly afterwards reappeared with young Prince Alexander and a lady of honor of the Queen's suite. The two were bundled into a closed carriage and driven to the railway station, where the Prince was handed over to M. Protics, Chief of the Serbian Police, who placed him in a train. In a few minutes M. Protics and his charge were on their way to Belgrade, the journey thither being made without a break.

THE ten miles of new railway over which all Persia still stands breathless with admiration are probably destined to be as famous in engineering history as the Chinese discovery of how to roast pigs. The Shah has started to build a railway from Teheran to the Caspian Sea. Instead of beginning at the Caspian and bringing forward the rails and materials on the road as it progressed, he has had all the rails and iron carried on mules across the desert to Teheran and begun there. Of the total cost thus far—\$500,000—\$225,000 has been for transportation expenses, and the engineering journals are laughing over it in every language of the Continent.

THE new criminal code of Italy, just promulgated, abolishes the death penalty for murder or any serious crime. It substitutes therefor imprisonment for life. The first ten years is to be in solitary confinement at hard labor. At the end of that period, if the convict has conducted himself well, he can thereafter work among his associate convicts, but is still condemned to remain silent. For continued good behavior he is to be rewarded by permission to speak occasionally. In cases of dueling the court has first to determine whether all laws of honor have been complied with, and then the penalty is six months' imprisonment for mere fighting—for death, five years' imprisonment; seconds in the first case to have three months; in the second case, two months and a half.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JULY 7TH.—In Glen Cove, L. I., Rev. John C. Middleton, Rector of St. Paul's Church of that place, aged 55 years; in Ridgefield, Conn., Dr. Timothy M. Cheesman, the well-known New York physician, aged 63 years. JULY 9TH.—In Odessa, Del., Fish Commissioner Elwood F. Norry, aged 64 years; at Mount Kisco, N. Y., Samuel S. Dougherty, of Newark, N. J., aged 78 years; at Highlands, N. J., George William Stoddard, the actor, aged 62 years. JULY 10TH.—In Rossville, S. I., Bront P. Winant, aged 81 years. JULY 11TH.—At Sharon Springs, N. Y., Judge George F. Chase, aged 66 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., General Jesse C. Smith, aged 80 years; at Rehoboth Beach, Del., Dr. A. V. P. Garnett, of Washington, D. C., aged 68 years. JULY 12TH.—In Rochester, N. Y., Hiram Sibley, the famous philanthropist, aged 80 years; in Trinidad, Col., Frederick Remington, artist of Brooklyn; in Brunswick County, Va., General P. B. Starke.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THIRTEEN HUNDRED people have been left homeless by a fire in Alpena, Mich.

THE Atlantic Cable war has been settled, and an advance of rates has been ordered.

As was anticipated, General Diaz was last week re-elected President of the Republic of Mexico.

A FRENCH paper says that Germany is about to compel the French landlords of Strassburg to sell their property.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., incorporated as a city on the 4th inst., is the thirtieth and youngest city in the Empire State.

It is said that the Pope will send Cardinal Moran to Ireland to urge the Irish bishops to a more complete submission to the Vatican.

THE heirs to three thrones—those of Italy, Russia and Brazil—are weaklings, and there is danger of El Rey Nino of Spain being another.

THE President has approved the Act providing for an International Marine Conference to secure greater safety for life and property at sea.

THE Governor of Missouri has granted the murderer Maxwell a respite of four weeks; but he refuses to commute the sentence of death.

FLOODS in the Ohio and Monongahela Rivers and their tributaries, last week, caused losses and damage to property estimated at \$2,000,000.

A CONVENTION of the National American party will be held in Washington on August 14th, for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-president.

THE exports of breadstuffs from Southern Russia during the coming Summer are expected to be enormous. Reports from Odessa indicate that the harvest will be immense.

A BILL introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Breckinridge (Ky.) makes the pensions of survivors of the War of 1812 \$12 per month, instead of \$8, as at present.

THE proposition to submit to the people of the several States a constitutional amendment to prohibit the liquor traffic in the United States has been favorably reported in the United States Senate.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies at Rome has voted to construct 1,870 miles of railway in southern districts where railroads do not now exist. The cost will be \$4,000,000. The vote will greatly strengthen the position of the Cabinet.

IN the British House of Commons, precedence has been given to Government business during the remainder of the session. It is expected that the County Bill will be passed, and that an adjournment will be reached next month.

THE United States Senate refuses to abandon its amendment to the Post-office Appropriation Bill, to appropriate \$800,000 in aid of the mail service with South and Central America, and a further conference with the House has been ordered.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND recently received a coop containing two little live red foxes. They were the gift of Dr. Frost, of Rolla, Mo., and cards attached to the coop informed the President that the animals were named Cleveland and Thurman.

THE fleet which accompanies Emperor William as an escort on his visit to Russia is the largest that Germany has ever put to sea. It consists of six ironclads, four dispatch-ships, four vessels of the training squadron, and a flotilla of torpedo-boats.

THE New York Republican State Convention for the nomination of candidates for Governor and other State officers will be held at Saratoga on August 28th. Last week a largely attended convention of Republican Leagues was held at that resort.

THE weather throughout England has been abnormally cold. Snow fell last week in the suburbs of London, and the peaks of Skiddaw and other mountains were covered with snow. This is the first time snow is known to have fallen in that country in July.

THE returns of the collection of license fees in Boston for the present year show in round numbers that 2,650 licenses were issued, including club licenses. The receipts amount to \$615,775. Last year 2,741 licenses were issued and the receipts amounted to \$585,002.

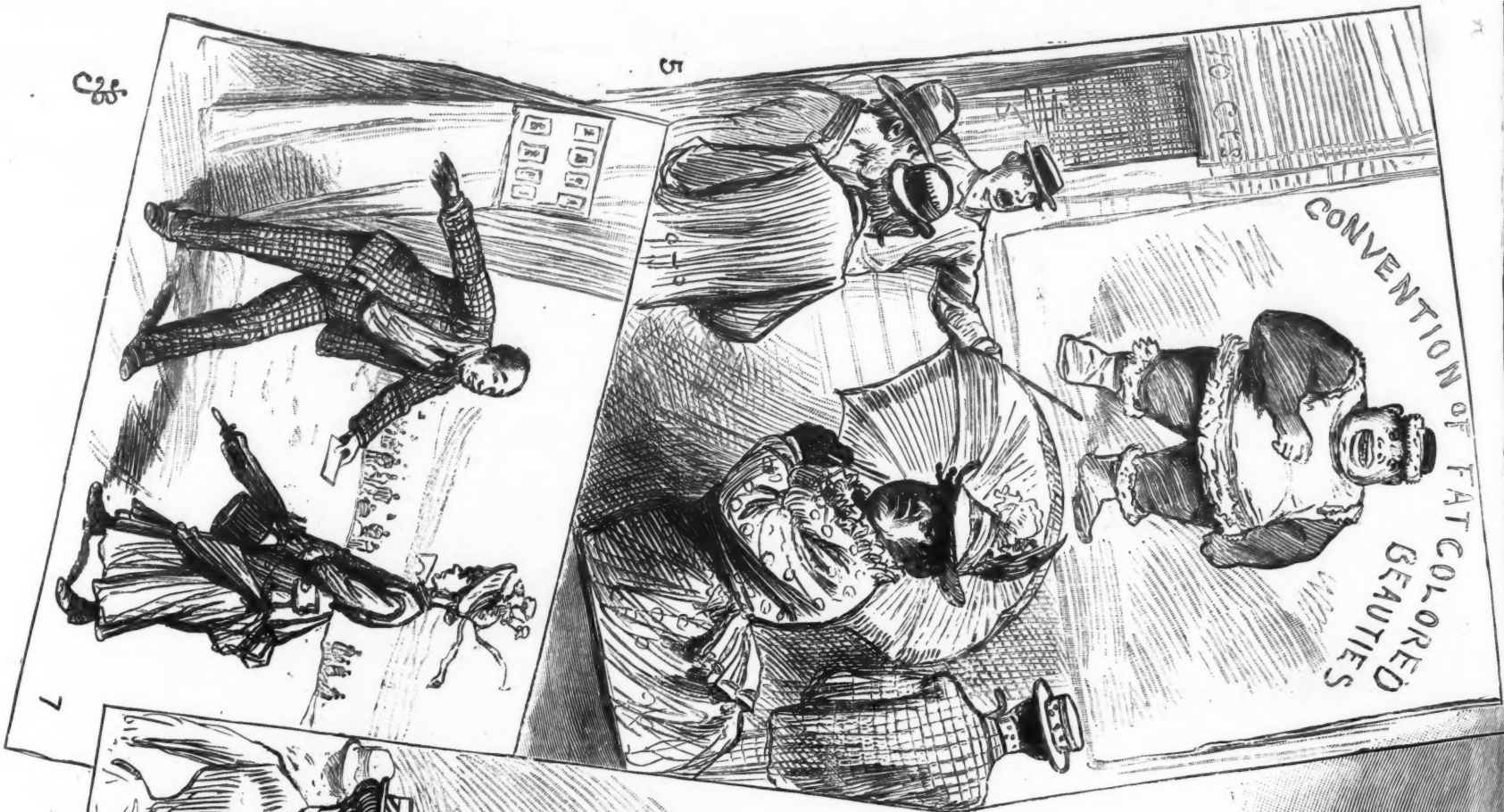
DURING twenty-two weeks of the present year 8,126 patents were issued by the United States Patent Office, of which number only 53 were issued to women. The task of improving the machinery, the household utensils, the wearing apparel of the people, even the corsets and garters of the ladies, is generally left to masculine inventors.

OWING to the influence of representatives of united labor interests, the last session of the New York Legislature adjourned without providing the usual sum of \$1,000,000 required by the managers of State prisons for keeping convicts in idleness. Governor Hill has now been compelled to call a special session, at great cost to the State, in order to provide for this deficiency.

CARDINAL GIBBONS's efforts to secure recognition of the Knights of Labor by the Vatican have at last been successful. A provisional undertaking was at first given that the organization should not be condemned, but the Canadian Bishops who were opposed to it asked that the matter should be submitted to the Congregation of the Holy Office, and that body has now decided that Catholics may become members of the Order.

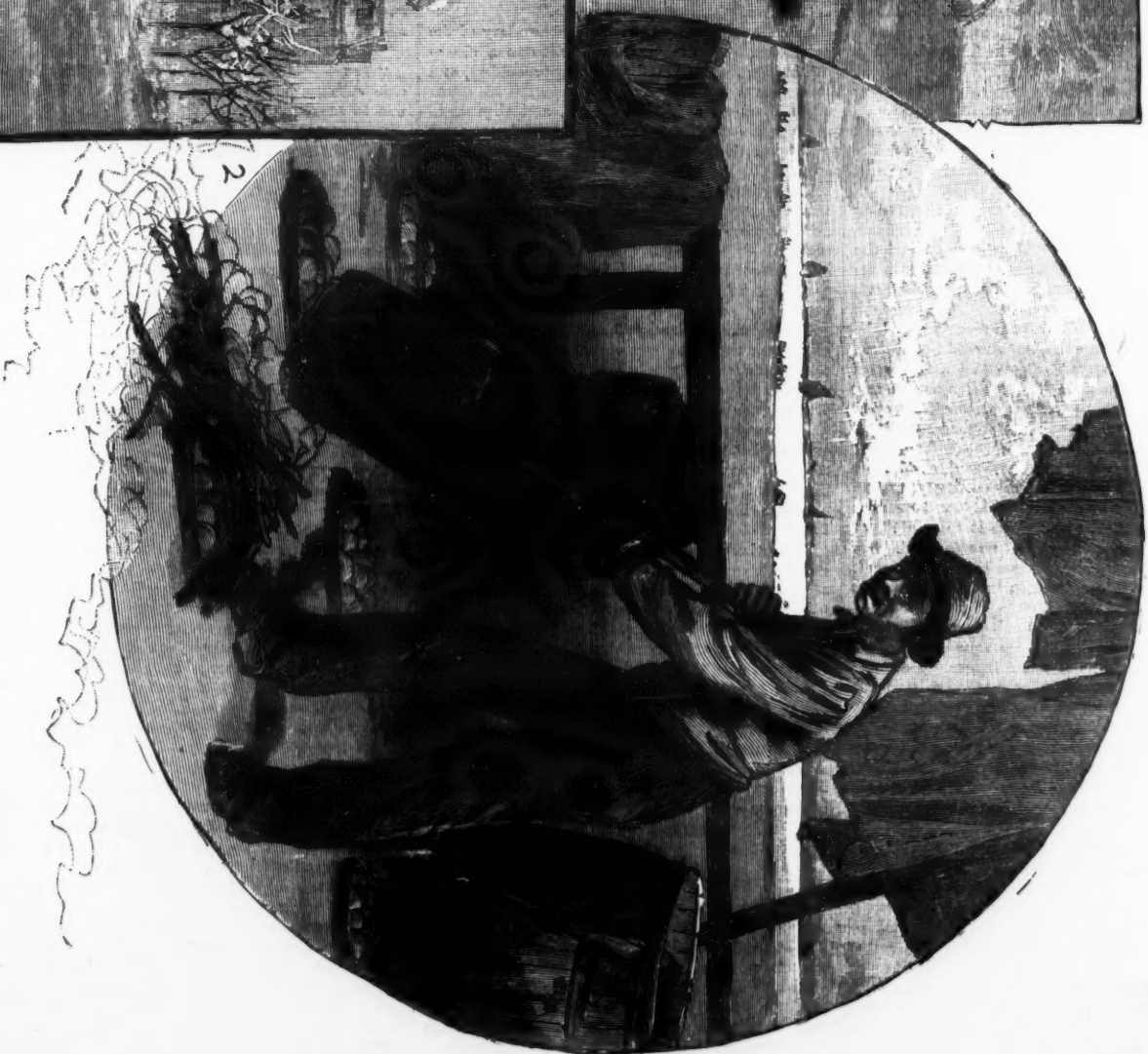
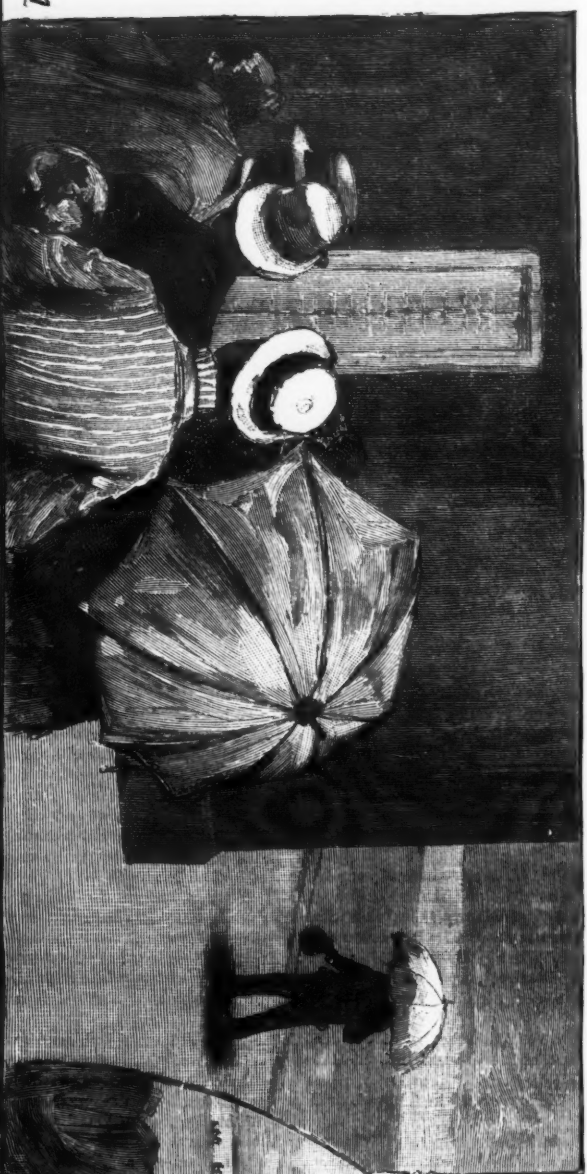
MR. Cox's Bill for the Eleventh Census has passed the House. It is expected that the President will make Colonel Carroll D. Wright Superintendent of the Census. The Bill provides for the collection of the names of those who served in the rebellion who are survivors at the time of inquiry, and who are the surviving soldiers' widows. Provision is also made for the collection and for reporting to Congress the statistics relating to the recorded indebtedness of the people.

IN London, on Independence Day, one hundred and ten bishops, including several from the United States, dined together at the Mansion House. A very interesting figure was the venerable black bishop, Dr. Crowther, who looked for all the world like a picture of Uncle Tom in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's immortal work. Another was the Bishop of Michigan, who was a cavalry officer in the Civil War. A third was the tall, gaunt Bishop of Minnesota, Dr. Whipple, with flowing hair encircling his shoulders, who is better known as an apostle to the red Indians. A good many Irish bishops were present, all wearing skull-caps.



1. 98°. 2. A CLAMBAKE. 3. A CHEERFUL CONTRAST—THE LATE BUZZARD. 4. A DAY'S PLEASURE. 5. ADDING INSULT TO INJURY. 6. AT REST. 7. THE COUNTRY MAIDEN AND THE POLITE PHOTOGRAPHER. 8. CATCH AS CATCH CAN.

SUMMER FANCIES; OR, HOT-WEATHER SKETCHES IN NEW YORK AND AT CONEY ISLAND, SEE PAGE 301.



[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]
BLACK BLOOD:
 A PECULIAR CASE.

BY
 GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF
 "THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S
 WIFE," "THE PARSON OF DUMFORD,"
 ETC., ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.—AFTER A LONG LAPSE.

CHAPTER XLII.—FACE TO FACE.

THERE was a wild, dreamy look in Hulda's eyes as she approached, and for a moment the candle she held before her prevented her seeing that the dark library was occupied by the man upon whom her thoughts were fixed. Then all at once her vision pierced the haze of light spread by the flame. She became conscious that she was not alone, and with a rapid movement she raised the light above her head and stood motionless, gazing full in Rob's glittering eyes.

She uttered no cry; she did not turn to flee; but it seemed as if she were petrified, and for a few moments the silence was so deep that they could hear the throbbing of their own hearts.

Then it seemed to Rob that she darted at him a look full of anguish, in which he read reproach and upbraiding for his presence there, and he stepped rapidly forward.

Hulda's whole manner changed, and her words were full of indignation, as, without a suggestion of fear, she exclaimed, imperiously:

"Stop! How dare you come here?"

"You are alone—there is no one to hear. You are the woman I worship—for whom I would give my life. Hulda, listen—for pity's sake, hear me!"

Some such words as these seemed to be struggling for exit, but no sound escaped his lips, and she exclaimed again:

"Come another step, and I call the sentry and have you arrested."

"For what?" he said, coldly.

"For daring to take advantage of the house being empty—at a time like this. Why are you here?"

He made no reply, and she drew back for him to pass, gazing at him wildly for the moment, as if in dread, and there was so peculiar a look in her eyes—an aspect of curious inquiry—that he read it, and said, bitterly:

"No, madam, do not think that. I am perfectly sober."

"Then how dare you come here?" she cried. "Is this Robert Black's return for my father's kindness—for the treatment he has received from Lady Cope?"

"For pity's sake!" he cried, hoarsely; and her countenance changed as she was moved by the agony in his voice. She was failing. She was but the weak woman, after all; but she made a desperate appeal to her pride to save her from this disgrace, and seizing upon the first verbal weapon that she could mentally grasp, she exclaimed:

"How dare you? Is this the conduct of one of my father's trusted men—to steal into the house at midnight?"

"Miss Cope! Have mercy!" he faltered. "You do not know."

"Know?" she cried, scornfully. "I know too well;" and there was desperation in her tones as she planted the sting in his breast—one that would force him to see that she cared nothing for the insolent man who had dared to raise his eyes to her.

"Yes," he said, piteously. "Forgive me. You do not know."

"Know?" she cried. "Why does one of the reckless men of my father's regiment steal into the house like this but for a degrading amour with one of the maids?"

"How dare you?" he cried, fiercely; and he took another step forward, but she did not shrink. She drew her breath with a sob, and a feeling of joy and exultation shot through her as she saw his proud, indignant look and flashing eyes. "No, no," he said, hastily; "you do not think that!"

She had recovered herself, and said, coldly, her words seeming to be uttered involuntarily, and as if she could not stay each verbal arrow she sent:

"May I ask, then, why? Was it to steal?"

"Yes," he said, angrily; "it was to steal. See here. I am going away. I can bear it no longer. This life is maddening to me; but I could not go without stealing this."

She could not check it. A sob escaped her as he tore from his breast the little square miniature frame upon which his eyes had lighted on the sole occasion when he had been in that room, and she knew that he had stolen in there during her absence to possess himself of her miniature.

She was falling once more, but with an energy akin to that of despair, she made a final call upon her pride to save her, and she exclaimed, "This is insolence beyond bearing!" and stepped quickly to the door.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

"Call the guard!" she cried. "They are passing now."

There was the measured tramp of men upon the parade-ground, and their march sounded so plainly that both knew that a cry would bring help.

"Do!" he cried, bitterly. "Call the men here. Have me dragged away and placed in arrest. Tomorrow there will be a court-martial, and Miss Hulda Cope will have the pleasure of knowing that the man who has dared to love her with all his heart is being flogged."

"Oh, hush!" she cried, wildly.

There was the confession of her love in her tones, and in an instant Rob Black had her hand in his.

"You would not—you could not be so cruel,"

he panted, "for I love you! Hulda, for pity's sake, say one kind word—to give me hope—something that I may live upon during perhaps years of exile. For to-night I go. I can bear this life no longer."

"Go?" she cried, wringing her hand from his. "Yes, go. I tell you this life maddens me. I cannot rise here. Every effort brings with it a curse. I must go far away and begin again, and—"

"Desert?" she cried, with a scornful sound in the word—the utterance of a soldier's daughter taught by long custom to look upon the act as that of the most degraded of the men who joined.

"Don't call it by that name," he said, passionately. "How can I live this maddening life? But bid me stay; give me one word of hope!"

"Hush!" she cried, suddenly; and there was a wild look in her eyes as she raised one hand.

Hurried steps were approaching, for time had been non-existent with them then, and now discovery was imminent, and she turned upon him a look of agony and reproach which cut him to the heart.

"I was mad to come," he said, hoarsely. "Forgive me!"

"This disgrace!"

The words fell from her lips so full of agony and shame that if by self-immolation he could have saved her then he would have been ready.

At that moment the handle of the front door was tried, and then followed a heavy, dull knock which echoed through the house.

Rob bent down and extinguished the candle.

"Hah!"

"I was going to escape," he whispered; "but no. This is an outrage. I have dared to come here. Run up to your room and call from the window for help. Let them arrest me. I would sooner die than you should suffer shame."

There was a moment's silence, and then, in a quick, low voice, Hulda said:

"Go; I forgive you, but never dare to speak to me again."

She struggled from him as he clasped her for a moment to his breast, and then darted across the hall to the boudoir and passed through just as another heavy knock came upon the door.

Rob reached the conservatory, and stood with the glass door held ajar as he listened, his heart beating wildly with hope and love, as he heard the bolt shot back and Dick's husky voice:

"Thank you, ma'am."

Then the door was closed, and the quick, faint rustle of the satin was heard; and, tearing himself away, Rob passed through the conservatory, reached the window, and the next minute stood outside, with the distant music swelling and sinking, and a thrill of delirious joy making every pulse beat.

Then a sensation of agony and remorse came over him, and as he stood in the darkness upon the closely cut lawn, he looked wildly round, fancying an enemy in every faintly seen shrub.

If any one saw him! If Captain Miller stood in his way and charged him with having been there!

"Well," he said to himself, with a curious thrill of passion, "one of us would die."

He stepped hastily towards the boundary of the garden, and then stopped short close to a clump of shrubs, for he heard voices approaching, and then a laugh.

He drew in a hissing breath, and shrank in among the shrubs, for he felt that if he stepped out upon the open-parade-ground he would be seen.

Then the voices came more plainly, and there was a merry laugh once more.

"Nelly Dawson?" he said, softly; and the next moment—"Margery!"

He drew further back, the shrubs rustling as he moved, and he wondered whether they would pass near him.

The music rose and fell, and there was a faint glow from over the trees, while just then he heard a window open from behind him, and as he turned sharply and looked up, he could faintly discern the white figure of Hulda gazing out.

He was so wrapt in the thoughts her presence evoked that steps were close upon him before he realized their approach, and a voice whispered:

"Look! Isn't that Miss Hulda at her window?"

"Yes. Make haste. She must have just come back."

Then there was the quick rustling of women's garments over the gravel, a light tap at the door, a stream of light flooded the gravel, and was cut off again as the door closed, and Rob stood gazing up at the window unable to tear himself away.

"For her sake," he muttered, at last, and parting the bushes, he stepped silently to the gate, turned to close it softly after him, and was then about to hurry away, when a sharp ejaculation was wrung from him.

For, in spite of all his care and efforts to preserve secrecy, he had been observed. A dark figure seemed to start up all at once in his path, and a voice said:

"Where have you been?"

CHAPTER XLIII.—A DETERMINED SLY.

ROB seized the figure by the arm with a grip which in his excitement was tremendous, laid his other hand across the prisoner's mouth, and, in spite of the struggle which ensued, half thrust, half dragged him for nearly a hundred yards, right out into the middle of the barrack-yard, before stopping, and in a low, menacing growl, exclaimed:

"You miserable young sneak! You have been watching me."

"Well, what of that?" was the reply, in Chip's hoarse treble, which trembled with excitement. "You brute, you! my arm is nearly crushed."

"I wish your head was, you confounded spy!" cried Rob.

"So do I," said Chip, bitterly. "Go on: kill me if you like. I don't care."

"Kill you—you miserable little coward!"

"Coward, am I?" cried Chip, wrestling himself free, and quick as lightning striking Rob two heavy blows in the chest. "I'm not afraid of you."

"Quiet!" cried Rob, catching Chip by the wrists, and wringing his arms, till by a jerk he brought the lad down upon his knees. "Leave off struggling, or I'll throw you down and put my foot upon your throat. Now, then, you wretched little contemptible spy, what do you mean by sneaking after me?"

Chip uttered a moan of pain and then struggled hard, but in vain.

"Let me go," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Hold still," cried Rob, tightening his grip; and, in spite of the bravest of efforts, the young trumpeter could not restrain a low hissing sound full of pain.

"Well, there," cried Chip, ceasing the struggle.

"Now, what are you going to do?"

"Let you go directly, you wretched young cub," cried Rob. "Some men would thrash you till you could scarcely stand, but I don't think you worth the trouble."

"Because you dare not," cried Chip, viciously.

Rob uttered a low, angry laugh, and then gave the lad's arm a shake.

"How long have you been watching me?" he said.

"Ever since you left the barrack-room window," said Chip, with a bitter laugh.

"What?"

"I followed you into the grounds when you went along with Sergeant O'Rourke."

"It's a lie!" said Rob. "You could not get in."

"Why not? I showed them the trumpets crossed on my arm, and they thought I belonged to the band."

"And you have been watching me ever since?"

"Yes," said Chip, with his voice full of malicious spite. "I'm not afraid to tell you—I saw you go to the colonel's and speak to Dick White; and I saw you creep round to the glass window where the flowers are, and climb in, and I saw you climb out again, and I know why you went there."

Rob stamped upon the ground in the impotency of his wrath, and unconsciously tightened his grasp, causing his prisoner intense pain, but Chip only panted hard like a captive bird, uttering no sound.

Hulda's fair fame seemed to be at the mercy of this strange, morbid boy, who, even if tendered a bribe, was as likely as not to reject it with scorn. What could he do?

A thought occurred to him: a miserable, contemptible, subterfuge; but it was to save Hulda, and he snatched at it in his despair.

"Get up, you miserable, jealous young ass," he said, mockingly, as he recalled several little incidents which Chip must have seen. "Suppose I did go to see Nelly Dawson? You don't suppose she is likely to care for a boy like you?"

"There," cried Chip, bitterly; "did not I tell you that you are a coward? You crush my arms because you are strong, but your head's weak enough if you think you can deceive me with a story like that. Nelly Dawson!"

"Well, suppose I did go for that?"

"You liar! You coward! Who is the miserable sneak now? Do you think I'm blind? It was to see Hulda Cope."

"Silence!" hissed Rob, as he caught the lad by the throat and forced him back. "Dare to say that again—dare to mention that lady's name, and I'll crush out your wretched life as I would that of a rat."

"Do," said Chip, huskily, as he ceased to struggle now, and yielding, fell back, while Rob went down on one knee and tightened his grasp. "Do. Kill me. I don't care. I don't want to live. You love Hulda Cope, and you want to see her to-night!"

"It's a lie, sir. When I went to the house, Miss—that lady was at the ball."

"Yes," said Chip, mockingly, "till you went to the tent and crept in behind the band and made a sign to her while she was dancing with the captain."

Rob's grasp was so tight now that Chip's words were almost inaudible; but as he heard this last his hands relaxed, and the lad's utterance grew louder, more bitter and mocking.

"Then you ran off to the house, and she made the captain bring her home to where you were, and he begged hard to be allowed to stop, but her ladyship did not want the dark captain; she wanted the handsome young private."

"Silence!" hissed Rob, again, as his hands caught the lad once more by the throat.

"I will speak, if I die for it," cried Chip. "I'm not such a fool as you think. Then when the captain was sent about his business, poor old Dick White must be sent away, to go to the post, so that the beautiful darling might have you all to herself for half an hour, and so she did, till Dick came back; and then you crept out of the window that you went in at, and hid till Nelly Dawson and Jack Thompson's Margery had gone in, and then you met me."

Rob felt the blood retreat to his heart; and a strange singing came in his ears as he realized how circumstances, every one of which was innocency itself, had formed themselves so as to make one horribly black array of apparent facts against the fair fame of the woman he worshipped. As this boy believed, so would the little world in which they lived, and no word of his could save her.

"My God! What have I done?" he muttered.

"What shall I do?"

"There," cried Chip, fiercely; "go on; choke me if you like. Who's the liar now?"

"You," panted Rob. "Every word of what you say is false. I did not go there to meet her."

"And who'll believe it?" cried Chip, mockingly.

Rob was silent. The boy's words crushed him,

and as he knelt there, holding him back, but little effort being needed now, he said, bitterly:

"And I thought Chip Tarn was my friend."

The lad laughed.

"Your friend? Why, I hate you. I've hated you ever since you came into the regiment. I wish you had died before you ever crossed my path!"

"It is not true," said Rob, quietly. "We have always been friends."

"It's a lie. I wish the horse had killed you, or that you had broken your neck. But it doesn't matter. My time has come. What will the captain say about his sweetheart! What will the colonel say about his handsome, stuck-up girl?"

"Silence, Chip; for Heaven's sake hold your tongue!" cried Rob, in a whisper. "Boy, boy, what harm have I ever done to you?"

"Every harm you could," said Chip, fiercely. "Do you think you could deceive me? Do you think I don't know better than to believe you went to see that wretched servant girl?"

"Chip Tarn, I never did you harm," said Rob, in a despairing tone. "I am at your mercy."

"No," retorted the lad; "but she is."

There was such a vindictive tone in this utterance, that Rob was startled. It seemed to give him the keynote of the lad's hatred. He had heard of such things—of excitable, romantic boys forming such passions, and he had here within his grasp a disappointed rival. Jealousy was the mainspring of all this vindictive spying and pursuit.

"What are you going to do?"

"Do? Tell the colonel," cried Chip, fiercely.

"And to expose the name of a lady, who has always been kind to you, to insult?"

Chip breathed hard.

"Bring sorrow to the hearts of as true a lady and as gallant a gentleman as ever trod this earth. You base, cowardly wretch! How dare you utter such a threat?"

"Tell Captain Miller."

"Ah, yes, do," said Rob, bitterly. "Let me see, Chip. You were called upon once to flog a man, and you turned sick and gave it up."

"It isn't true," said Chip, viciously.

"It is true. It is one of the chronicles of the regiment, my lad. Well, do better this time when I am tied up to the triangle, and you are called upon to flog the man who tried to be your friend."

"My enemy, you mean," panted Chip.

"And you mean to do all this?"

"Yes, I tell you, yes. She shall be dragged down, and I'll have you—"

"Flogged. Go on: say it," cried Rob, for the lad had stopped short. "Look here, Chip Tarn. I ask you, not as a boy, but as a man, to believe me that I did not go to meet that lady to-night. All you have said is by misconception. It was an accident."

Chip laughed mockingly.

"Once more I ask you to believe me when I swear by all that is holy that what I tell you is true."

"It's a lie, and you know it."

"I know," said Rob, fiercely, "that I would do anything to save that lady and those who love her from the shame that such a charge as you threaten to bring would cause them. Chip Tarn, you are going to swear never to say a word of what you have seen to a soul."

"Swear?" said the lad, mockingly. "Not I."

"Listen to me," said Rob, in a low, stern voice. "You are going to swear this."

"I'm not."

"Listen to me, I say. It is intensely dark here, and the sentry is a couple of hundred yards away. Even if you cried for help, which I should stop, the man could not leave his post; and every one else seems to be listening to the music at the ball."

"Well, what of that?"

"You are going to swear?"

"And if I will not?"

"Well, then, not to spare myself, but to spare those whom I honor—"

"And love," said Chip, mockingly.

"And love," said Rob, simply, "I am going to tell you this. No one has seen us together. No one has heard us."

"What are you going to do?" cried Chip, excitedly; and the struggle began again.

"Kill you, as I would a malignant viper," said Rob, in a low, judicial tone.

"And be hung for it?" said Chip, mockingly.

"I should not wait for that," said Rob, coldly. "There are plenty of carbines in the rack."

"What, shoot yourself?" cried Chip, in a tone of horror. "No; you would not dare."

"Will you swear?"

"No, no, no!" cried the lad.

"Will you swear?"

"No!"

"Once more. I have given you fair warning. Will you swear?"

"No!"

Rob's hands tightened round the throat of his prostrate enemy, and in his rage and horror of the consequences which would follow a discovery of the incidents of the night, his intent was, as a last resource, to crush out the life of him he held there; but even as his grasp tightened, he felt that the lad would give up and cry for mercy.

"Stop!" came in a half-suffocated tone, and Rob's grasp relaxed.

"Will you swear?"

"Let me speak first," panted Chip. "No—yes—I will speak."

He caught Rob's hand in his, and then, after holding it a few moments tightly clasped between his, he threw it violently from him as he cried passionately:

"Curse her and you—and those who brought me to this. What have I to live for now? There, kill me, for you'll never make me swear."

Rob uttered a hoarse cry of rage and seized the lad once more by the throat, but only to snatch back his hands.

"Get up, boy!" he said, rising and speaking slowly; "and God forgive you if you speak!"

Chip rose to a sitting posture and crouched there, looking up at Rob, who seemed to tower above him for a few moments, and then strode rapidly away.

Chip gazed after him till the tall figure disappeared in the surrounding gloom, and then fell forward upon his face, writhing like some injured beast as he tore up the loose gravel by handfuls.

"He'll kill himself—he'll kill himself!" groaned the miserable creature; "and I dare not—I dare not. I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead!"

CHAPTER XLIII.—LADY COPE'S TROUBLE.

"PHIL! Husband! What is it? Tell me the worst." Sir Philip raised his eyes from the dispatch he had been reading and gazed mournfully across at his wife.

"It is some trouble, dear?" said Lady Cope. "Pray speak."

"Trouble for you, dearest," said the colonel, rising and clasping his wife in his arms; "but remember you are a soldier's wife, and you must strengthen me—not make me weak."

"The regiment is ordered abroad?"

"Yes."

"To the front?"

"Yes, my girl, at last. I do not think I am a coward, Amelia, but the task is a bitter one, now that ambition is nearly dead, and all I could wish for is a peaceful life with you. Oh, my darling! For Heaven's sake!"

Without another word—with only a faint sigh—Lady Cope turned deathly pale, reeled, and would have fallen had not Sir Philip caught her in his arms and borne her to the sofa.

At that moment Hulda entered the room.

"Quick, my darling! Help!"

"What has happened?"

"She has been startled—she has—there, I cannot conceal the truth from you, my child. You must know directly. We are ordered to the front."

"Ah!"

Hulda stood as if turned to stone, but recovered herself directly, and trembling with agitation, she helped to recover Lady Cope, who unclosed her eyes at last to look wildly around till they lit upon her husband and she recollected what had passed.

"I thought I was stronger," she said, with a piteous smile. "Forgive me, dear. I will try to do my duty, hard as it seems. His will be done. Hulda, my child—you know?"

"Yes," said the trembling girl, with a sob.

"But is it certain? Are you sure to go?"

"Yes," said the colonel. "Do not let us delude ourselves with false hopes. But come, be brave, both of you. Surely it is not such a very serious thing for a soldier to be ordered abroad."

"We will try," said Lady Cope, faintly.

"That's right. I know you will; and I want your help. I must have a parade of the men at once."

The necessary orders were given, and Sir Philip was about to go up-stairs and don his uniform, when Dick White entered to announce Lieutenant Hesseleton.

"He cannot know of the parade ordered," said Sir Philip, coolly, as if nothing was wrong; and leaving Lady Cope and Hulda exchanging glances, he marched out of the room.

"Ah, Hesseleton, my lad," he said, as he entered the library where the young officer had been shown, "what news?"

"Bad news, sir," said Hesseleton, sadly.

"Bad? You have heard, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"But, hang it, man, it may mean promotion for you. Come, you a soldier, and call such news as this bad!"

"I should call it good, sir, if it were not for one thing."

"And that is—"

"Well, sir, I'm a miserable one to keep up a sham, and I'll speak out. Is there any hope for me with Miss Cope?"

Sir Philip was silent for a few moments, and then said, gravely:

"That is a question I cannot answer, my lad. It must come from the lady herself."

"And have I your permission to speak to her now that we are ordered abroad?"

"Certainly. I will send her to you."

Lieutenant Hesseleton was about to give vent to his most effusive thanks, but before he had commenced the first sentence the door closed behind the colonel, and almost directly—too soon for the lieutenant's equanimity—he had the interview.

"If I had had more time to prepare myself," he muttered, as he went away with his head down—crushed by Hulda's calm and kindly refusal of his offer.

"It is only just to you, Mr. Hesseleton," she said, quietly, "to tell you that I can look upon you only as a friend. That which you ask is impossible."

"Can she really love Miller?" he said, as he walked away, and a cold chill ran through him as he saw the captain, looking very handsome and manly in full uniform, crossing towards the colonel's quarters.

"Yes, that's it," he groaned. "Well, how such a girl can love the overbearing brute is more than I can understand."

Hesseleton entered his room and sat down by the window to try and find relief in smoking the strongest cigar he had, for it was an hour yet to the parade.

"I'll watch him come back," he thought; and he smoked and waited.

In a quarter of an hour he saw the captain coming towards his quarters.

"That's too cruel," cried Hesseleton. "I would not have gone and triumphed over him."

He turned from the window to hide his want of composure, and was seated with his back to it as Miller entered without ceremony.

A thrill of joy ran through the young officer as he saw Miller's lowering face and angry looks.

Miller gazed down at him savagely.

"Curse you for a confounded sneak!" he cried; and, unable to contain his rage at his brother-officer's calm, self-satisfied look, he seized him fiercely by the throat.

(To be continued.)

AN OHIO PIONEER'S FARM.

ONE of the most interesting and novel of all the multitudinous features of the Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati is the Pioneer Farm, which Mr. Kirkpatrick has arranged with admirable skill and care of detail. The perils and hardships, as well as the rude comforts, of the life of the hardy settler in the wilds of the Buckeye State a century ago are illustrated in such realistic fashion that even the most hurried visitor amongst the throngs that daily view the Exposition's wonders invariably stops to take a good look over the quaint old farm. The scene occupies a space of some 400 square feet. In one corner is a log-cabin, surrounded by a stake-and-rider fence. The lady of the household is engaged in hanging out her washing, and a small boy is disporting himself as boys are wont to do. In front of the single door hangs a soap-kettle, suspended from three poles, and beneath it burns a fire which boils the soap. Across the mud-road a man is plowing one part of a field, while in another, a couple of forefathers are manning rails. Further down the road a dozen lusty fellows are putting up a log-cabin, and near by is the camp of the immigrant for whom it is being built. A mill, with a real water-wheel, stands on the bank of the river which winds around the scene, and near by is a darky fishing, oblivious of the three or four turtles that are clambering up a log that rests in the water. Several "prairie-schooners" come ambling down the road, and give additional naturalness to the ingenious Pioneer Farm. This, and the general pioneer exhibit in the Ohio State Department, are complements to one another in the matter of historical representation. Many of the old families of the State are represented by mementoes of various kinds.

THE OHIO CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION AT MARIETTA.

THE Centennial Celebration now in progress in Ohio's oldest town, Marietta, and which began on Monday, the 15th inst., to last five days, is national in its character and interest. It commemorates the first settlement of the Territory northwest of the Ohio River, and particularly the establishment of civil government therein, under the Ordinance of 1787. The general Centennial Exposition in connection with this anniversary is in progress at Cincinnati; but the historical celebration belongs by right to Marietta, where alone it could be held. It was here that the advanced guard of civilization in the Northwest, under General Rufus Putnam, landed on April 7th, 1788; it was here that civil government was established by the inauguration of General Arthur St. Clair as the first Civil Governor of the Territory, on July 15th, 1788; it was here that civil law was first proclaimed in the Territory; it was here that the first land office was established, and the building remains to this day where it was first erected; it was here that the first schoolhouse was built; and it was here that the first church was established, and the building is being used as a place of worship yet. This is the place where the first forty-eight pioneers erected the first stockaded fortification—a square building, with a block-house on each corner. In it resided Generals Putnam, Tupper, St. Clair, and Major Witherth Sargent, and in case of danger of Indian attack all the settlers fled to it for safety. The house in which General Putnam resided is still in existence, and is occupied as a dwelling.

Marietta, which has never enjoyed the dubious advantages of a "mushroom growth," is to-day a flourishing and attractive place, and quite a railroad centre. It is located at the junction of the Muskingum with the Ohio River, 171 miles by river from Pittsburgh, 81 miles from Wheeling and 296 miles from Cincinnati. Washington County, of which Marietta is the commercial and political capital, is bounded on the north by Morgan, Noble and Monroe, on the southeast by the Ohio River, on the west by Morgan and Athens Counties. The area of the county is upwards of 600 square miles, with a population of about 50,000. The city proper contains a population of 7,000. Harmer and Williamstown, though separate corporations, are practically one in their community of social and business interests, and make in all a population of about 10,000. The railroads centering here are the Cincinnati, Washington and Baltimore, the Central and Marietta, and the Marietta, Columbus and Northern. The Ohio River Railroad, now completed from Wheeling to Point Pleasant, W. Va., is easily accessible on the opposite side of the Ohio. The Zanesville and Ohio River Road will soon be completed to Harmer, while a company is organized for the construction of a line from Belleaire to this place.

The celebration now in progress has been arranged upon an impressive scale, worthy of the historic anniversary which it marks. It properly began on Sunday last, when the Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, delivered an address at the Centennial Hall, a building capable of seating six thousand people, and located in the beautiful City Park, on the bank of the Muskingum, on the spot where Governor St. Clair was inaugurated. On Monday morning at five o'clock the secular exercises opened with a salute of one hundred guns, fired from the surrounding hill-tops by the Putnam Artillery. At nine there was a grand street parade, composed of military and civil bodies, and in the evening there were fireworks galore. On Tuesday, Senator Evarts, of New York, delivered an oration. To-day (Wednesday) pioneer families and friends will meet, and discuss early times. The address to them will be delivered by General Thomas Ewing, formerly of Ohio, but now of New York, and President of the Ohio Society here. Virginia will be heard through her distinguished son, Senator John W. Daniel. The historical pageant on Tuesday night will be a grand affair and rare treat for the spectators, being a study of the people of a hundred years ago, and a representation of actual scenes in their lives, with many historical tableaux.

Thursday will be known as "Ohio Day," and the speakers will be Governor Foraker, Senators Sherman and Payne, and General Grosvenor, the whole to close with another grand pyrotechnic display on the Muskingum River. Grand preparations have been made to carry out the programme, of which the foregoing is but an outline. The

National Government is represented by members of the Supreme Court, Interstate Commerce Commission, and heads of departments.

The entire city is gayly decorated, and Marietta opens her second century with such a crowd, and such a display of oratory, fireworks, music, military relics, bunting, etc., as she never enjoyed before.

HON. WILLIAM PAUL DILLINGHAM.

THE Republicans of Vermont have nominated, without a dissenting voice, the Hon. William Paul Dillingham, of Waterbury, as their candidate for Governor. Mr. Dillingham was born where he now resides, in 1833, and, with the exception of two years spent as a student in the office of the late Senator Matt. H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, he has ever made his home there, successfully practicing his profession since his admission to the Bar in 1867. Mr. Dillingham, without neglecting his law practice, has been identified with the public life of his State since his appointment as Secretary of Civil and Military Affairs by Governor Peck, in 1874. He has been honorably connected with both branches of the State Legislature, and has acted as Commissioner of State Taxes from the time of the enactment of the Corporation Tax Law in 1882. As State's Attorney for Washington County during four years, he gained an enviable reputation in the prosecution of criminal causes. Mr. Dillingham is eminently a people's candidate. He is a vigorous advocate of the best educational methods and of the temperance cause. It is predicted that his popularity will insure the Republicans of Vermont an increased majority in September. He is the son of ex-Governor Paul Dillingham of Vermont, now living at the advanced age of eighty-nine years.

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

THE *Japan Weekly Mail* in a recent issue summarizes a discussion now being carried on in Japan by several eminent publicists respecting the advisability of the people of that country embracing the Christian religion. "A movement supported by some very prominent men is on foot to give an impetus to the spread of Christianity by laying stress on the secondary benefits its acceptance insures." Those connected with the movement say that Christian dogmas are a bitter pill to swallow, but advise that it be swallowed promptly for the sake of the after effects. Mr. Fukuzawa, a well-known writer, urges this course, although he says he takes no personal interest whatever in religion and knows nothing of the teaching of Christianity; but he sees that it is the creed of the most highly civilized nations. To him religion is only a garment, to be put on or taken off at pleasure; but he thinks it prudent that Japan should wear the same dress as her neighbors, with whom she desires to stand well. Professor Toyama, of the Imperial University, has published a work to support this view. He holds that Chinese ethics must be replaced by Christian ethics, and that the benefits to be derived from the introduction of Christianity are: First, the improvement of music; second, union of sentiment and feeling, leading to harmonious co-operation; and third, the furnishing a medium of intercourse between men and women. Mr. Kato, the late President of the Imperial University, who says that religion is not needed for the educated and confesses his dislike to all religions equally, urges the introduction of religious teaching into the Government schools, on the ground that the unlearned in Japan have had their faith in old moral standards shaken, and that there is now a serious lack of moral sentiment among the masses. Among the replies to this is one by a Mr. Sugiura, who is described as "a diligent student of Western philosophy for many years." He speaks of the specially marked lack of religious feeling and sentiment in his countrymen; the Japanese, he says, have no taste for religion whatever, and it is impossible that they should ever become a religious people. The youth of Japan, he argues, being free from the thralldom of creeds, and free to act according to reason, are so far in advance of Europeans, and instead of talking about adopting a foreign religion, Japanese should go abroad and preach their religion of reason to foreign countries. Other writers urge the same views. The writer in the *Yokohama* newspaper says that those who urge the teaching of Christianity represent an influential section of educated Japanese opinion; they are signs of the times. "To Japan, in an emphatically agnostic mood, came Western science with all its marvelous revelations and attractions. At the shrine of that science she is worshipping now."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE Danish Government has granted a sum of \$2,500 for the purpose of having the oyster-banks in Denmark examined by an expert. His object will be to ascertain the results of their continued preservation, with a view to the resumption of fishing.

ARTIFICIAL silk is the latest discovery, and judging from the details of it that are to hand, it seems likely that the silkworm's occupation will soon be gone, and that he may retire to his cocoon and lament his lost importance in silence. The new material is made, we are told, from a kind of collodion, to which has been added perchloride of iron and tannic acid. The process of manufacture is somewhat complicated, but the result seems to be all that can be desired in the way of providing a substance practically equal to good silk.

A new explosive, carbo-dynamite, made by combining ninety parts of nitro-glycerine and ten parts of a variety of carbon possessing great porosity, is claimed to have three advantages over other explosives. First, its greater explosive power, due to the combustibility of the carbon (ordinary dynamite is made up of about seventy-five per cent. nitro-glycerine and twenty-five per cent. of some inert vehicle, like sawdust); second, its resistance to the action of water; and third, the non-formation of disagreeable and unhealthy fumes upon explosion.

ACCORDING to *L'Industrie Parisienne*, a laundryman in the vicinity of Paris has discovered a very ingenious method of cleaning linen without soap. He uses no soap or lye, nor chlorine, but replaces these substances by boiled potatoes, with which he rubs the linen. This curious process, it appears, is much superior to those hitherto employed, and the worst soiled cotton, linen or silk, cleaned by this method, are made whiter than they could be by the use of an alkali. Besides, the method has the advantage that brushes can be dispensed with and well-water be used.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MME. NILSSON'S farewell appearance in London brought in the sum of \$10,000.

MR. JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL, who has been ill in London, is now able to see his friends.

ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND will go to Europe next year to pursue her literary studies.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has been ordered to go abroad to restore his failing health.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM SPRAGUE of Rhode Island is Chief of Police at Narragansett Pier.

WALT WHITMAN'S condition gives his friends much anxiety. His vital powers appear to be failing steadily and hopelessly.

THE Emperor of Brazil has quite recovered from his recent illness, and will sail from Bordeaux for Rio Janeiro on the 5th of August.

THE mad ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico now objects to wearing clothes, and has to be forcibly prevented from denuding herself.

SINCE General Sheridan's removal to Nonquitt, Mass., he has considerably improved; his appetite is good and he sleeps well; but he is still seriously sick.

REPRESENTATIVE SAMUEL J. RANDALL was seriously ill during last week, owing to a hemorrhage of the stomach and bowels, but he is now out of danger.

OF all his decorations, the late Emperor Frederick most prized the medal which was given to him for saving a man from drowning many years ago.

MR. BLAINE has made a contract with his American publishers whereby an account of his coaching trip through Scotland, written by himself, will be given to the public.

DR. MACKARNES, who was appointed to the See of Oxford in 1869, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, has been compelled by failure of health to resign his bishopric.

JOSEF HOFMANN, the prodigy pianist, is under treatment at Eisenach by a celebrated specialist in nervous diseases, and his nervousness has been greatly subdued. He practices an hour each day.

MR. EDISON has invented a new dinner-clock which talks. Instead of striking the hour, it speaks it. At dinner-time a voice issues from the clock and says, "Dinner-time," also "One o'clock," "Two o'clock," etc., as the case may be.

A TRUCE has been effected between ex-Senator Mahone and Senator Riddleberger, by which their long-standing personal differences have been laid aside sufficiently to allow them to work in harmony for the success of the Republican Electoral ticket in Virginia.

IT is stated that Mr. Walter Besant, the popular novelist, has broken down in health. He has found it necessary to make a tour abroad to recuperate. Mr. Besant is suffering from writer's cramp, as well as from the effects of overwork. He is obliged to dispense with the use of a pen altogether for the time.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, the author of "Ben Hur," is passionately fond of baseball, and has never been known to miss a game if he could possibly be present. It is said that at his home, Crawfordville, Ind., he is the principal patron of an amateur club which ranks as one of the best in the State League.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE recently received a notification at Livingston, Mon., that a dead registered letter awaited his orders at Washington. He sent the following reply: "If the letter referred to isn't so dead that it is offensive you might send the remains to Burlington, Ia., where I will claim the mummy in about a month."

POLYDOR DE KEYSER, Lord Mayor of London, seems to be a most remarkable man. His eccentricities are almost startling. Not long ago he inspected the boys of the British naval training-ship *Warspite*. During his address he told the boys that his wife would take great pleasure in giving each one of them a shilling, which he hoped "they would keep throughout their future lives as a souvenir of the occasion."

IN announcing the death of Mr. Mandeville, Mr. O'Brien declared in the House of Commons, last week, that Mr. Mandeville had been murdered by brutal treatment in the Tullamore Prison. He was kept many days on a diet of bread and water, and would have died of starvation but for the compassion of the officials in giving him small scraps of food. He never recovered from his sufferings under that treatment. The affair has occasioned much excitement in Irish circles.

THE President last week sent to the Senate the following nominations: Colonel Thomas L. Casey to be Chief of Engineers, with the rank of Brigadier-general; Elliot Sanford, of New York, to be Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of Utah; John W. Judd, of Tennessee, to be Associate-justice of the same Court; Hugh W. Weir, of Pennsylvania, to be Chief-justice, and Charles H. Berry, of Minnesota, to be Associate-justice, of the Supreme Court of Idaho; Roderick Rose, of Dakota, to be Associate-justice of the Supreme Court of Dakota; John H. Kestley, of Iowa, to be United States Judge for the District of Alaska.

HON. LEVI P. MORTON, the Republican candidate for the Vice-presidency, at intervals wears bushy side-whiskers, though all the portraits furnished by him for publication represent him as clean-shaven. Some one lately suggested to him that his counterfeit presentment was so different from the present original that he might have difficulty in proving his identity. "Ah! that is just the scheme, don't you see?" Mr. Morton jocosely replied. "I shall be able to deny myself to everybody whom I don't care to talk with, and at the same time I can produce documentary evidence of my genuineness to those with whom I wish to talk."

A COMMITTEE of the American party waited upon Mayor Hewitt, last week, and presented a resolution approving his declarations in favor of requiring a probation of twenty-one years' residence before allowing foreigners the right of suffrage. Mr. Hewitt received the committee cordially, but he advised his visitors that the issue would not be a distinctive one in the present campaign. He advocated, however, the spreading of good American principles throughout the country. Unrestricted immigration had perhaps been a good thing in the past, but the time had arrived, in his opinion, when some restraint should be thrown about the wholesale manufacture of American citizens. How long the probation of aliens should be was a matter of individual judgment.



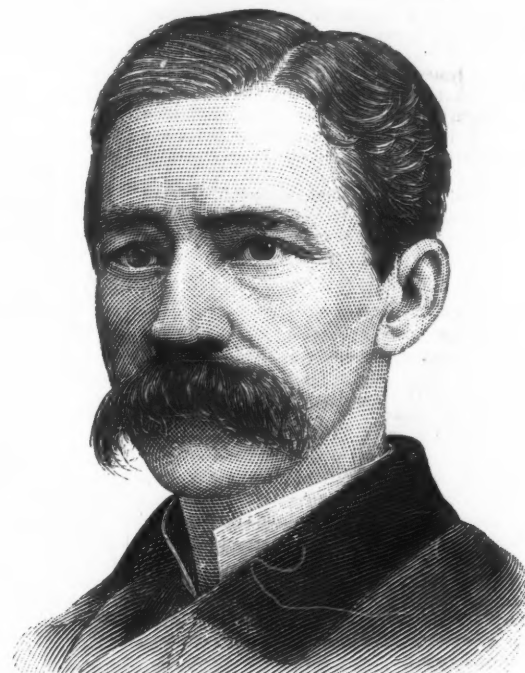
ARKANSAS.—HON. JAMES P. EAGLE, DEMOCRATIC
NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.
PHOTO. BY DAWSON, LITTLE ROCK.

HON. JAMES P. EAGLE,
DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS.

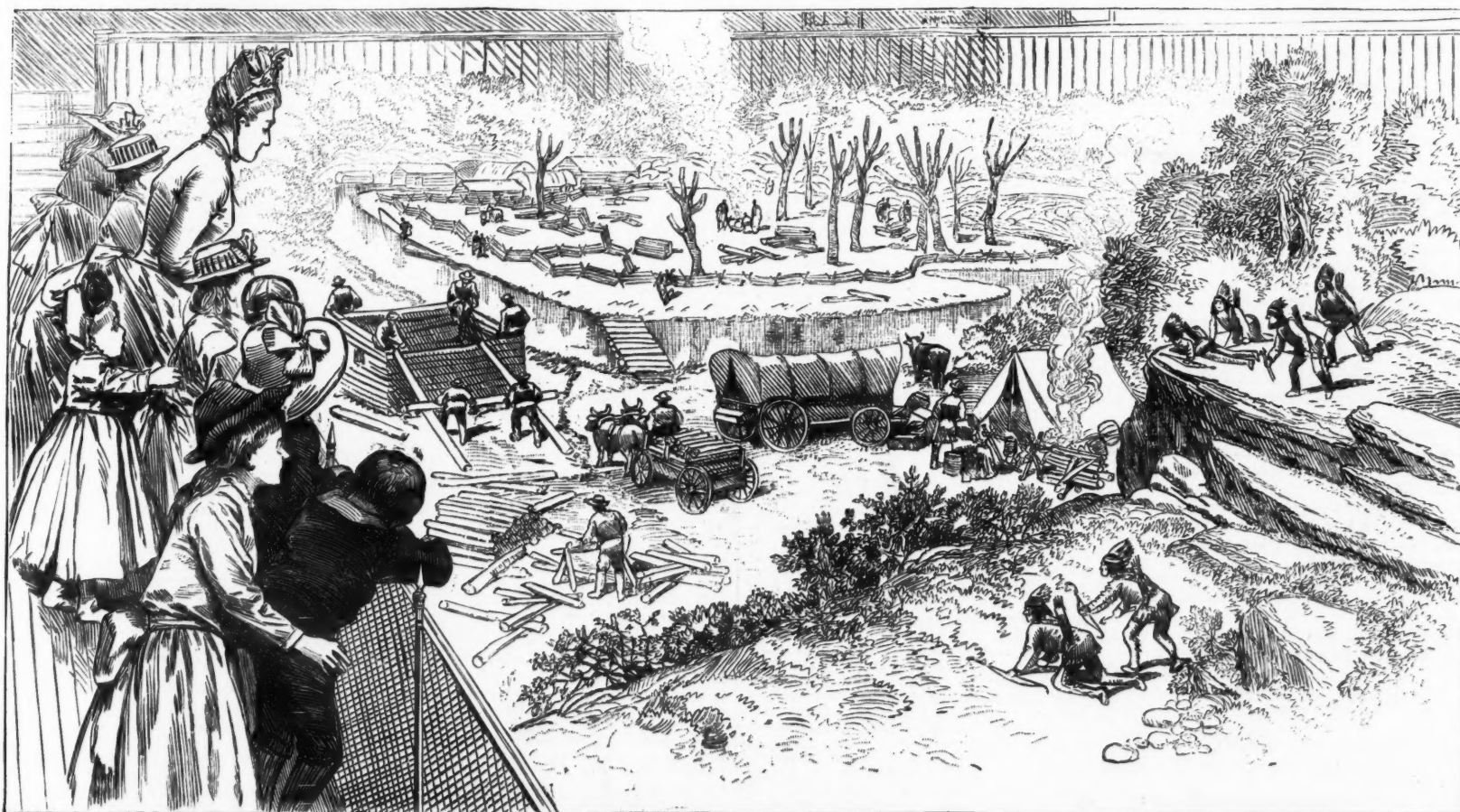
COLONEL JAMES P. EAGLE, who has just received the Democratic nomination for Governor of Arkansas, is a practical and horny-handed farmer, who labored on a farm from early boyhood to mature manhood, first on that of his father, and then on his own until he was over forty years old. For years he knew nothing but the hard, rugged toil of the farm. He was born in Maury County, Tennessee, in 1837. Two years later he went to Arkansas with his father, and settled in Pulaski County, afterwards Prairie, now Lonoke. He grew up on a farm, where he had to work six full days in a week from "sunup" to sundown. In his sixteenth year his father moved to Richwood, a heavy-timbered country, where he took the lead in clearing and opening up for cultivation a large and valuable plantation, and worked as a laborer. In 1880 he was deputy-sheriff, and at the breaking out of the late war he entered the State's service as a private. His war record is that of a brave soldier, faithful throughout to the cause for which he fought. With the official rank of Lieutenant-colonel, he surrendered at Jamestown, N. C., in 1865.

On returning home he found his houses destroyed and his fences gone, but he went manfully to work to repair his loss with his own hands, and for several years followed the plow, scraped cotton and did all kinds of farm-work, until, through his industry, economy and prudence, he had accumulated a competency. Feeling the need of a better education, he attended, in 1870, a school in Lonoke for several months, and then went to a Mississippi college, where he remained until his health failed. Returning home, he continued his studies, and is still pursuing them.

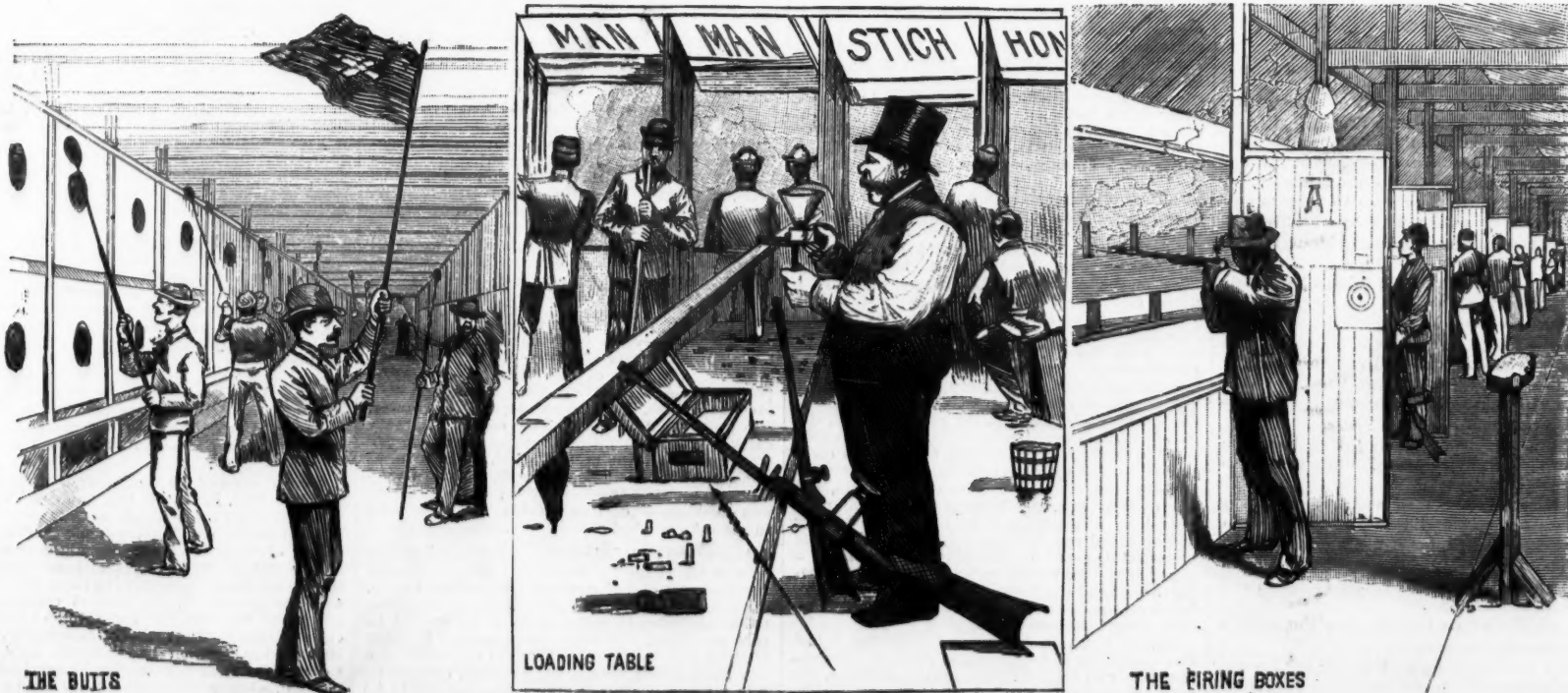
In 1872 he was elected to the Legislature as a Democrat from Prairie and Arkansas Counties. Though largely in the minority, the little band of Democrats prevented much bad legislation. In that session he passed the Bill creating Lonoke County. He participated in the extraordinary session that called a Constitutional Convention, and was elected a member of that body. He was also a member and the Speaker of the House of the Legislature of 1885. In 1875, when the trouble came up between Brooks and Baxter, he gathered together one hundred good and true men of



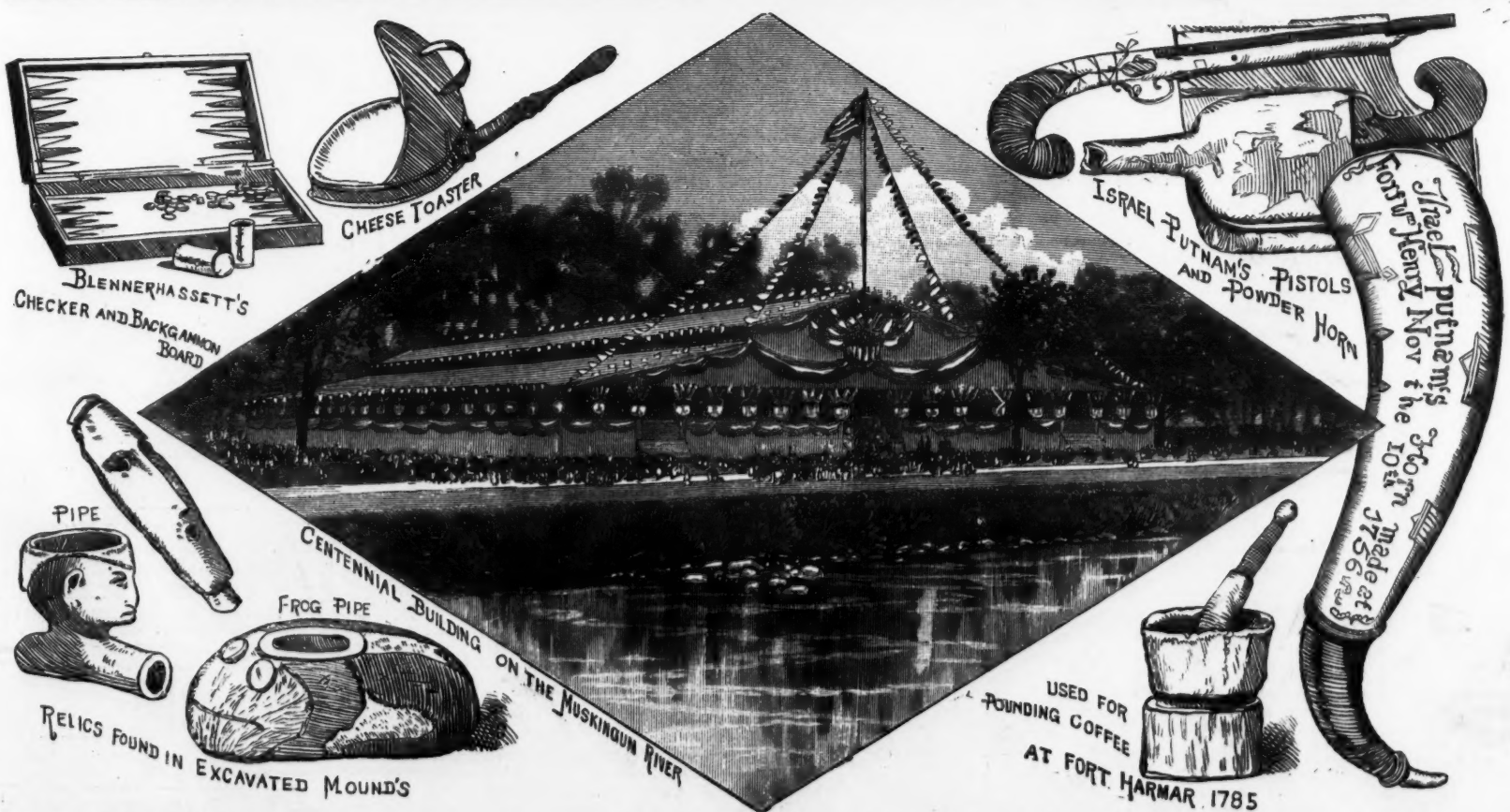
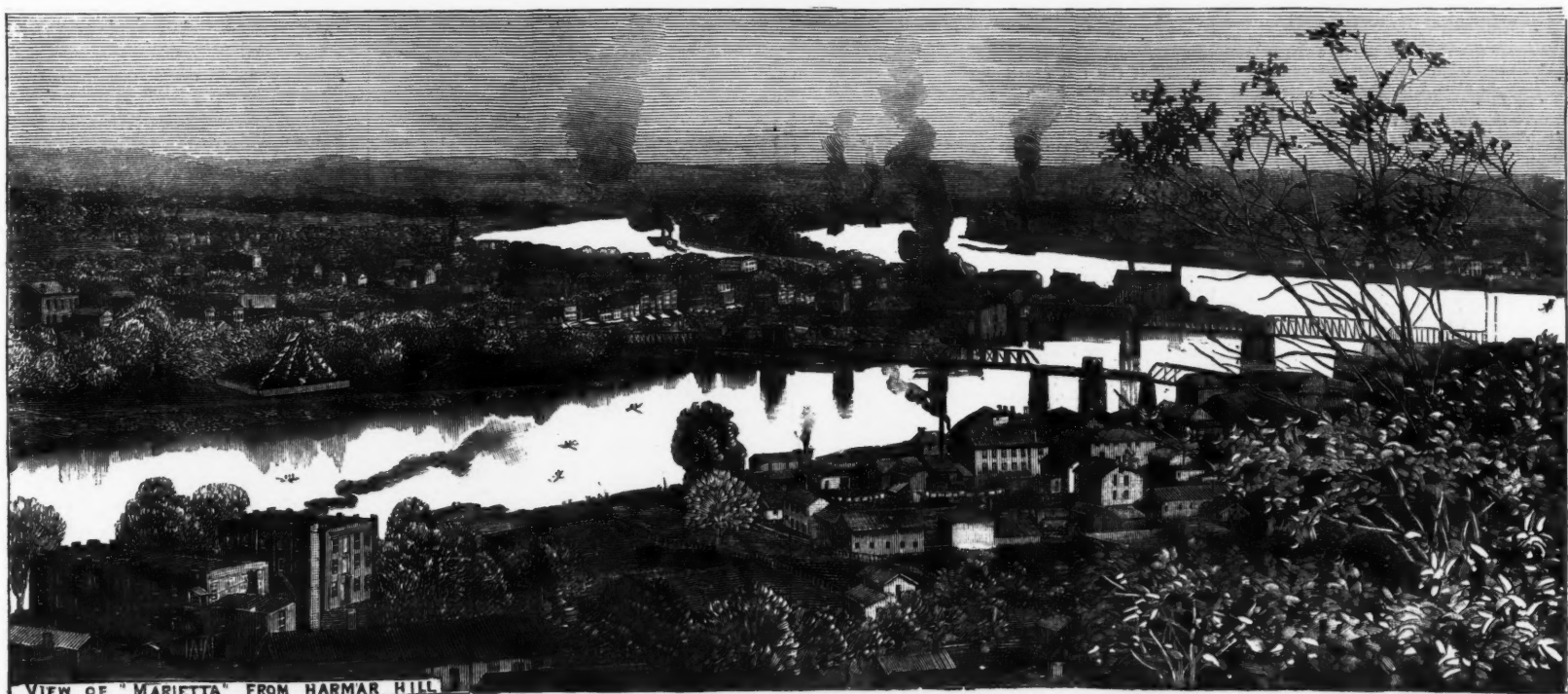
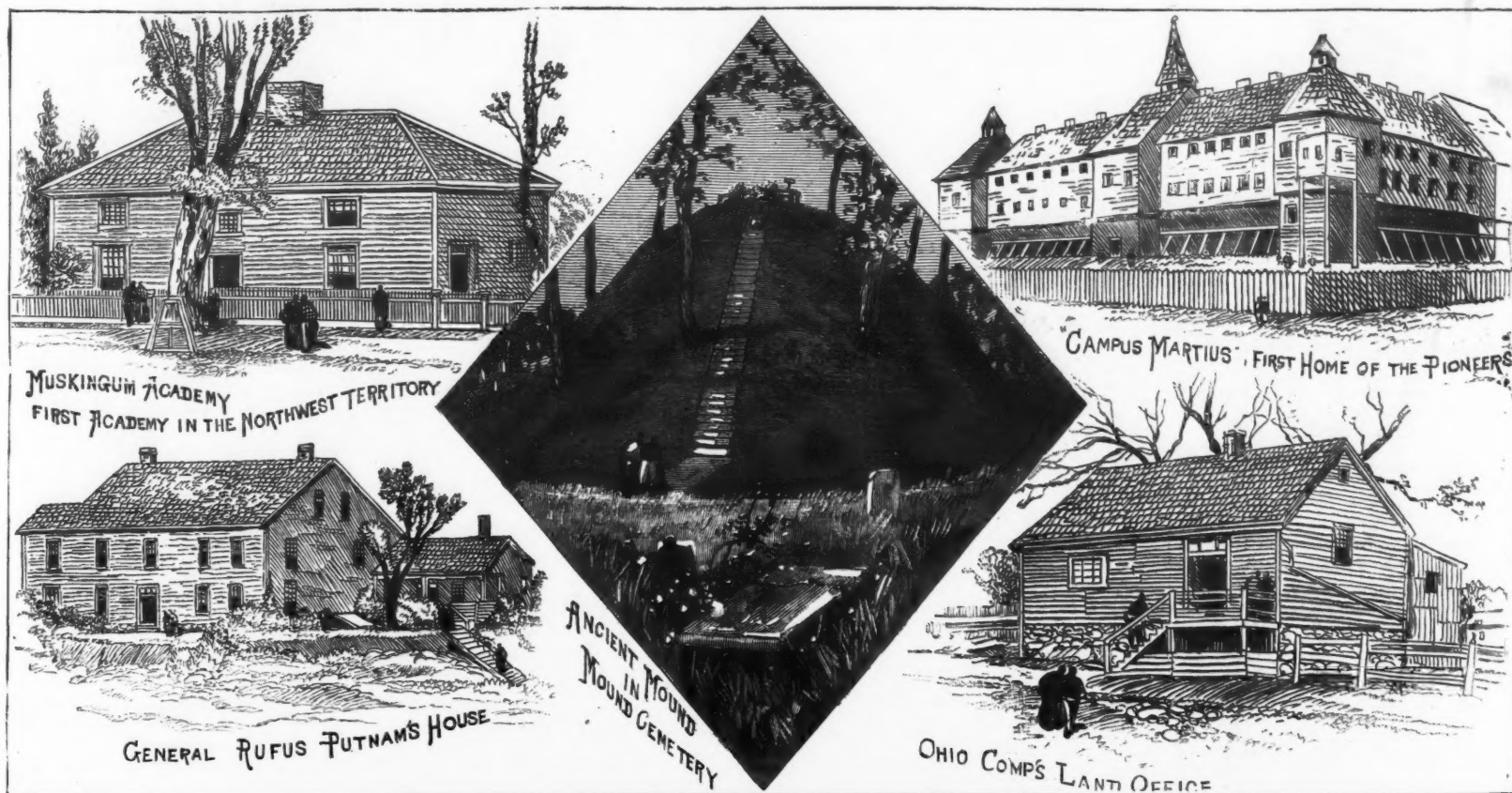
VERMONT.—HON. W. P. DILLINGHAM, REPUBLICAN
NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.
PHOTO. BY HARLOW.—SEE PAGE 367.



OHIO.—THE CINCINNATI CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—"THE PIONEER FARM," IN THE OHIO SECTION.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 367.



NEW JERSEY.—THE SHOOTING FESTIVAL OF THE INTERNATIONAL SHARPshooters' UNION, AT NEWARK, JULY 9TH-14TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 370.



OHIO.—CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION, JULY 15TH-21ST, AT MARIETTA, OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT IN THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY, UNDER THE ORDINANCE OF 1787—VIEWS OF THE CITY, OF CENTENNIAL HALL, AND VARIOUS HISTORIC BUILDINGS AND RELICS.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 367.

Lonoke, and went to the rescue of the jeopardized interest of the people on the first alarm given by Baxter, and it was in a large measure due to his promptness that a great wrong was prevented.

This sketch would be incomplete without "honorable mention" of Mrs. Eagle, who is the Mrs. General Logan of Arkansas. Colonel Eagle (who is now fifty-one years of age) lived a bachelor until about six years ago, when he married Miss Mary K. Oldham, of Madison County, Ky., and she has proved of invaluable assistance to him in his political career, more particularly in the contest for the gubernatorial nomination just ended. Mrs. Eagle—young, handsome, intelligent, a born diplomat—she accompanied her husband in his canvass, and was his inseparable guide, counselor, and friend. She knew every delegate in the convention, and took a conspicuous part in the management of her husband's campaign. No point escaped her. She had the exact strength of every candidate down to a mathematical nicety, was thoroughly familiar with the complexion of every delegation, and proved herself her husband's "better half," reviving his drooping courage when the day seemed against him, and never losing faith in his ultimate success, even when his chances seemed desperate.

INTERNATIONAL SHARPSHOOTERS' FESTIVAL, AT NEWARK.

THE Shooting Park of Newark, N. J., was last week the daily scene of a grand festival, which attracted medal-decorated marksmen from all parts of the country, whose competition for the rich prizes offered brought forth numerous splendid displays of skill. On Monday, the opening day, the rain marred the outdoor festivities somewhat, but the parade from the Academy of Music to the Park took place notwithstanding. The houses along the route were handsomely decorated, and nearly every saloon displayed a banner, "Marksmen's Headquarters." Arriving at the Shooting Park, the societies repaired to the grand pavilion, where addresses were delivered by President Gottfried Krueger, of the Newark Shooting Society, and Mayor Haynes. Mr. H. H. Hingslage, of the New York Schutzen Corps, presented the International Union a handsome silk banner. Mr. Krueger received the banner, and immediately afterward formally opened the festival. Thenceforward the tournament proceeded gayly. The scores made in the various classes have been published from day to day. A letter was received from President Cleveland expressing his regret at not being able to attend the festival. Governor Green of New Jersey and staff attended on Thursday, and were banqueted in the evening.

WHY BAKING POWDERS ARE BEST.

(From Hall's Journal of Health.)

BAKING POWDERS properly compounded, and containing pure cream-of-tartar, are more convenient than yeast; and bread and pastry made with them are just as wholesome, and far more palatable.

We are in entire sympathy with the manufacturers of the Royal Baking Powder—who commenced and are vigorously conducting the war against the use of adulterated baking powders. Before committing ourselves, however, we made tests of a sufficient number of baking powders to satisfy ourselves that the substitution of alum for cream-of-tartar in their composition has not been overestimated, while a careful examination of the Royal Baking Powder confirms our belief that Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, when he singled out and commended this powder for its wholesomeness, did it wholly in the interests of the public.

We do not hesitate to say that the Royal Baking Powder people deserve the gratitude of the community whom they are endeavoring to protect.

CARNEGIE'S COACHING.

"COACHING is the most delightful way of spending a holiday, and I recommend it to every one," says Mr. Carnegie. "We are up betimes and start immediately after breakfast, making the most of the fresh morning air. If we are weary of sitting still, we get off and walk. When we reach a bosky dell, a ferny combe, or a silvery, babbling brook, we stop for luncheon, which we always carry with us. Here we overcome a pleasant sense of drowsiness by a few speeches, a recitation or a song. It is an ideal way of taking a pleasant holiday. The coach was presented to me by my sister, the four horses hired from Edinburgh, and not to be changed during the seven hundred miles' run, it being a curious fact for which I am not able to account that they are in finer condition when they finish than when they start." Or, to quote one of Mr. Carnegie's servants, "They are fat and flabby when they start, and neat and ardy when they reach home." The average day's work is about twenty-five miles, or say one hundred and thirty miles a week. Accommodation is arranged for in advance at all the hotels on the route, so that there are seldom any hitches.

PARLOR-CARS TO MONMOUTH PARK VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

ON and after July 14th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will improve its facilities for reaching Monmouth Park by the addition of Pullman buffet parlor-cars to its special race trains. These cars are to be attached to the special leaving stations foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets at 12:30 p. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and to the extra special leaving on Saturdays only at 1 p. m. They will be returned to New York on the first special express leaving the Park after the conclusion of the races.

THE AUGUSTA NATIONAL EXPOSITION, to be held at Augusta, Ga., commencing October 10th, and closing November 17th, gives good promise to be an important, interesting and instructive exhibition. Messrs. Sanford H. Cohen, the General Solicitor, and John W. Ryckman, General Manager of the Exposition, are at present spending a few weeks in the North, and are meeting with remarkable success in securing the co-operation of important Northern business houses in the exhibition and display of their manufactures. The Exhibition will be a practical demonstration of the progress of the South in manufactures, etc., during the last ten years of prosperity and advancement in that section, and will no doubt attract large numbers, not only from this country, but from abroad. The famous Cappa's New York Seventh Regiment Band has been engaged for the entire season by the Exhibition management.

FUN.

"DEVILED crabs!" said the horrified waiter at a Lake Chautauqua eating-house. "Oh, dear, no! We couldn't give you anything of that kind, sir. Won't you have some angel cake instead?"

DUMLEY (to widow)—"And so your husband lost his life by falling out of a second-story window, Mrs. Hobson?" Widow—"Ah, yes, Mr. Dumley, and was instantly killed. It was terrible, terrible!" Dumley (with a genuine attempt at consolation)—"Yes, Mrs. Hobson, but—er—he might have fallen out of a fourth-story window, you know."

CINCINNATI RESPLENDENT

WITH HER ONE HUNDRED DAYS' FESTIVITIES.

CINCINNATI's jubilee, in honor of the 100th anniversary of the settlement of the territory now comprising half-a-dozen of the most wealthy and prosperous States of the Union, is in full blast, and the old city is in a blaze of glory. The arrangements for this notable Exposition, which continues from the Fourth of July until the 27th of October (100 days and nights), were made on a most liberal scale, a fact due to the grand liberality and business sense of her moneyed men, who subscribed to a guarantee fund aggregating one million and fifty thousand dollars to defray expenses. With a portion of this sum immense buildings were erected, which, in conjunction with her permanent structure, known as the Springer Music Hall, which has the largest stage in the world, and an auditorium capable of holding 8,000 people, give an area of forty-three acres of buildings under one continuous roof, and which afford nearly a million square feet of exhibiting space. Among the attractions will be a separate display from a dozen States, a Government exhibit from Washington City, an electrical display of unexampled magnificence and brilliancy, and exhibits in Machinery, Horticulture, Agriculture, and an Art Collection, the finest ever seen in this or any country. All the railroads have consented to run on excursion rates, and, in consequence, Cincinnati will be the Mecca of millions of visitors from every section of the land.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE.

LUCK AND MONEY.

It would, of course, be difficult to exactly estimate the amount by which Boston has made the richer each year because of the Louisiana State Lottery, but it can safely be said that thousands upon thousands of dollars are annually distributed among its citizens by this great financial institution. At the last drawing held in New Orleans, June 12th, a large number of Boston and New England people received prizes ranging from \$5 to amounts up in the thousands. Two separate portions of ticket numbered 49,566, which drew the third capital prize of \$50,000, were drawn by Bostonians. One part was held by a resident on Batchelder Street, in the Highland District, whose name we are not at liberty to publish, but who was seen by a representative of the *Courier* and found to be a drummer for one of the largest drug firms in New York. "Yes, it is true," he received the \$2,500, "said the traveling man," but the money was not for me. The ticket belonged to a relative, and was given to me for collection. However, poor fellow, he needed the money much more than I did, and I am glad he is going to have it. He is a clerk in a hardware-store, and as he has only a salary of \$12 per week, he has seen some pretty hard times. His faith in the Louisiana Lottery has been marvelous. Every month for five years he has purchased a ticket, believing that sooner or later the lightning would strike him. Yes, he has certainly got his money back. Twelve dollars a year for five years would be \$60. That deducted from \$2,500 leaves just \$2,440 as clear profit. I expect to draw \$15,000 myself in a month or two, and then I shall want you to come and interview me." The other portion was held by a well-known paint-and-oil merchant on India Street, who when seen said the money had been received through the Maverick Bank and placed where it was much needed.—*Boston (Mass.) Courier*, July 8th.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING STARCH should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

The use of ANGIOTONIA BITTERS excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

G.M.D.

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Gout or Thick Neck, and Rating Sores or Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs) by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs. For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

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Has no equal in preventing and curing skin diseases. Ask for it. Drug and Drygoods Stores.
THE WHITE TAR CO., 135 Warren St., N.Y.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and detects its presence. It has stood the test of 37 years, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Cream" as the least harmful of all the skin preparations. One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 48 Bond St., running through to Main Office, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Beware of Base Imitations. \$1.00 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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Gents—I have already received more than 1,000 parcels of mail, many NEWSPAPERS, etc., for which I had often paid 20 cts. each before. I give every body to have their name inserted at once. I know from experience your directory far exceeds all others. B. S. JAMES

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Largest retail stock in America.
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DRIVEN OUT OF THE SYSTEM.

Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Stiff Joints, Toothache, And all the excruciating pains, of whatever description, to which poor mortals are liable.
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Which has done more to alleviate human suffering in Europe than any other known medicine. NEVER FAILS TO INSTANTLY RELIEVE AND EXPEL THE MOST OBSTINATE PAINS. It has positively cured CASES OF OLD STANDING for which all other remedies have been tried in vain. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts of the world prove its efficacy.

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Grows Beard, Mustache, Whiskers, and Hair on Bald Heads in 20 to 30 days. The only remedy. Extra strong. 25c. per bottle. We give this or pay \$100.00. Don't think we need it any more. For the full particulars, write to us at once. Smith Mfg. Co., Fall River, Mass.

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AN HONEST DOCTOR,

finding his patient suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or, in other words, from Torpid Liver, associated with indigestion, advised him to go to the drug store and get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery the world-famed remedy for such ailments.

Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing and strengthening them and healing their diseases. As an appetizing restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

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SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

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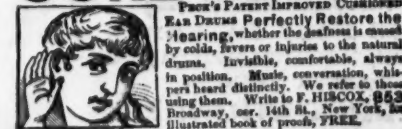
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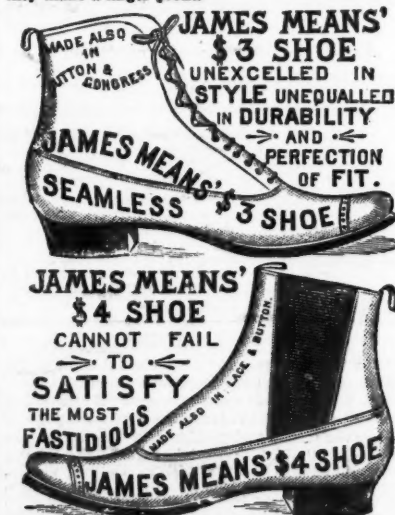
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